National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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Selections.

ADMISSION OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

THIS was the exciting and agitating question of the session of 1820-'21. The question of restriction, that is, of prescribing the abolition of Slavery within her limits, had been "compromised" the session before, by agreeing to admit the State without restriction, and abolishing it in all the remainder of the province of Louisiana, north and west of the State of Missouri, and north of the parallel of 36 degrees, 30 minutes. This "compromise" was the work of the South, sustained by the united voices of Mr. Munroe's cabinet, the united voices of the southern senators, and a majority of the southern representatives. The unanimity of the cabinet has been shown, impliedly, by a letter of Mr. Monroe, and positively by the diary of Mr. John Quincy Adams. The unanimity of the slave States in the Senate, where the measure originated, is shown by its journal, not on the motion to insert the section constituting the compromise (for on that motion the yeas and nays were not taken), but on the motion to strike it out when they were taken, and showed 30 votes for the compromise, and 15 against it—every one of the latter from non-slaveholding States — the former comprehending every slave State vote present, and a few from the North. As the constitutionality of this compromise, and its binding force, have, in these latter times, begun to be disputed, it is well to give the list of the senators' names voting for it, that it may be seen that they were men of judgment and weight, able to know what the constitution was, and not apt to violate it. They were Governor Barbour and Governor Pleasants, of Virginia; Mr. James Brown and Governor Henry Johnson, of Louisiana; Governor Edwards and Judge Jesse B. Thomas, of Illinois; Mr. Elliott and Mr. Walker, of Georgia; Mr. Gaillard, President, *pro tempore*, of the Senate, and Judge William Smith, from South Carolina; Messrs. Horsey and Van Dyke, of Delaware; Col. Richard M. Johnson and Judge Logan, from Kentucky; Mr. William R. King, since Vice-President of the United States, and Judge John W. Walker, from Alabama; Messrs. Leake and Thomas H. Williams, of Mississippi: Governor Edward Lloyd, and the great jurist and orator, William Pinkney, from Maryland; Mr. Macon and Governor Stokes, from North Carolina; Messrs. Walter Lowrie and Jonathan Roberts, from Pennsylvania; Mr. Noble and Judge Taylor, from Indiana; Mr. Palmer, from Vermont; Mr. Parrott, from New Hampshire. This was the vote of the Senate for the compromise. In the House there was some division among southern members; but the whole vote in favour of it was 134, to 42 in the negative—the latter comprising some northern members, as the former did a majority of the southern—among them one whose opinion had a weight never exceeded by that of any other American statesman, William Lowndes, of South Carolina. This array of names shows the Missouri compromise to have been a southern measure, and the event put the seal upon that character by showing it to be acceptable to the South. But it had not allayed the northern feeling against an increase of slave States, then openly avowed to be a question of political power between the two sections of the Union. The State of Missouri made her constitution, sanctioning Slavery, and forbidding the legislature to interfere with it. This prohibition, not usual in State constitutions, was the effect of the Missouri controversy and of foreign interference, and was adopted for the sake of peace—for the sake of internal tranquility—and to prevent the agitation of the slave question, which could only be accomplished by excluding it wholly from the forum of elections and legislation. I was myself the instigator of that prohibition, and the cause of its being put into the constitution—though not a member of the convention—being equally opposed to Slavery agitation and to Slavery extension. There was also a clause in it, authorizing the legislature to prohibit the emigration of free people of colour into the State; and this clause was laid hold of in Congress to resist the admission of the State. It was treated as a breach of that clause in the federal constitution which guarantees equal privileges in all the States to the citizens of every State, of which privileges the right of emigration was one; and free people of colour being admitted to citizenship in some of the States, this prohibition of emigration was held to be a violation of that privilege in their persons. But the real point of objection was the Slavery clause, and the existence of Slavery in the State, which it sanctioned, and seemed to perpetuate. The constitution of the State, and her application for admission, was presented by her late delegate and representative elect, Mr. John Scott; and on his motion, was referred to a select committee. Mr. Lowndes, of South Carolina, Mr. John Sergeant, of Pennsylvania, and Gen. Samuel Smith, of Maryland, were appointed the committee; and the majority being from slave States, a resolution was quickly reported in favour of the admission of the State. But the majority of the House being the other way, the resolution was rejected, seventy-nine to eighty-three — and by a clear Slavery and Anti-Slavery vote, the exceptions being but three, and they on the side of admission, and contrary to the sentiment of their own State. They were Mr. Henry Shaw, of Massachusetts, and Gen. Bloomfield and Mr. Bernard Smith, of New Jersey. In the Senate, the application of the State shared a similar fate. The constitution was referred to a committee of three, Messrs. Judge William Smith, of South Carolina, Mr. James Burrill, of Rhode Island, and Mr. Macon, of North Carolina, a majority of whom being from slave States, a resolution of admission was reported, and passed the Senate —Messrs. Chandler and Holmes, of Maine, voting with the friends of admission; but was rejected in the House of Representatives. A second resolution to the same effect passed the Senate, and was again rejected in the House. A motion was then made in the House by Mr. Clay to raise a committee to act jointly, with any committee which might be appointed by the Senate, "to consider and report to the Senate and the House respectively, whether it be expedient or not to make provision for the admission of Missouri into the Union on the same footing as the original States, and for the due execution of the laws of the United States within Missouri; and if not, whether any other, and what provision adapted to her actual condition ought to be made by law." This motion was adopted by a majority of nearly two to one—101 to 55—which shows a large vote in its favour from the non-slaveholding States. Twenty-three, being a number equal to the number of the States, were then appointed on the part of the House, and were: Messrs. Clay, Thomas W. Cobb, of Georgia; Mark Langdon Hill, of Massachusetts; Philip P. Barbour, of Virginia; Henry R. Storrs, of New York; John Cooke, of Tennessee; Christopher Rankin, of Mississippi; William S. Archer, of Virginia; William Brown, of Kentucky; Samuel Eddy, from Rhode Island; William D. Ford, of New York; William Culbreth, Aaron Hackley, of New York; Samuel Moore, of Pennsylvania; James Stevens, of Connecticut; Thomas J. Rogers, from Pennsylvania; Henry Southard, of New Jersey; John Randolph; James S. Smith, of North Carolina; William Darlington, of Pennsylvania; Nathaniel Pitcher, of New York; John Sloan, of Ohio; and Henry Baldwin, of Pennsylvania. The Senate, by a vote almost unanimous—29 to 7—agreed to the joint committee proposed by the House of Representatives; and Messrs. John Holmes, of Maine; James Barbour, of Virginia; Jonathan Roberts, of Pennsylvania; David L. Morril, of New Hampshire; Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey; Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky; and Rufus King, of New York, to be a committee on its part. The joint committee acted, and soon reported a resolution in favour of the admission of the State, upon the condition that her legislature should first declare that the clause in her constitution relative to the free coloured emigration into the State, should never be construed to authorize the passage of any act by which any citizen of either of the States of the Union should be excluded from the enjoyment of any privilege to which he may be entitled under the constitution of the United States; and, the President of the United States, being furnished with a copy of said act, should, by proclamation, declare the State to be admitted. This resolution was passed in the House by a close vote—86 to 82—several members from non-slaveholding States voting for it. In the Senate it was passed two to one—28 to 14; and the required declaration having been soon made by the General Assembly of Missouri, and communicated to the President, his proclamation was issued accordingly, and the State admitted. And thus ended the "Missouri controversy," or that form of the Slavery question which undertook to restrict a State from the privilege of having slaves if she chose. The question itself, under other forms, has survived, and still survives, but not under the formidable aspect which it wore during that controversy, when it divided Congress geographically, and upon the slave line.

The real struggle was political, and for the balance of power, as frankly declared by Mr. Rufus King, who disdained dissimulation, and in that struggle the non-slaveholding States, though defeated in the State of Missouri, were successful in producing the "compromise," conceived and passed as a southern measure. The resistance made to the admission of the State on account of the clause in relation to free people of colour was only a mask to the real cause of opposition, and has since been shown to be so by the facility with which many States, then voting in a body against the admission of Missouri on that account, now exclude the whole class of the free coloured emigrant population from their borders, and without question, by statute, or by constitutional amendment. For a while this formidable Missouri question threatened the total overthrow of all political parties upon principle, and the substitution of geographical parties, discriminated by the slave line, and of course destroying the just and proper action of the federal government, and leading eventually to a separation of the States. It was a federal movement, accruing to the benefit of that party, and at first was overwhelming, sweeping all the northern democracy into its current, and giving the supremacy to their adversaries. When this effect was perceived, the northern democracy became alarmed, and only wanted a turn or abatement in the popular feeling at home, to take the first opportunity to get rid of the question, by admitting the State, and re-establishing party lines upon the basis of political principle. This was the decided feeling when I arrived at Washington, and many of the old northern democracy took early opportunities to declare themselves to me to that effect, and showed that they were ready to vote the admission of the State in any form which would answer the purpose, and save themselves from going so far as to lose their own States, and give the ascendant to their political adversaries. In the Senate, Messrs. Lowrie and Roberts, from Pennsylvania; Messrs. Morril and Parrott, from New Hampshire; Messrs. Chandler and Holmes, from Maine; Mr. W. Hunter, from Rhode Island; and Mr. Southard, from New Jersey, were of that class; and I cannot refrain from classing with them Messrs. Horsey and Vandyke, from Delaware, which, though counted as a slave State, yet, from its isolated and salient position, and small number of slaves, seems more justly to belong to the other side. In the House, the vote of nearly two to one in favour of Mr. Clay's resolution for a joint committee, and his being allowed to make out his own list of the House committees (for it was well known that he drew up the list of names himself and distributed it through the House to be voted), sufficiently attest the temper of that body, and showed the determination of the great majority to have the question settled. Mr. Clay has been often complimented as the author of the "compromise" of 1826, in spite of his repeated declaration to the contrary, that measure coming from the Senate; but he is the undisputed author of the final settlement of the Missouri controversy, in the actual admission of the State. He had many valuable coadjutors from the North—Baldwin, of Pennsylvania; Storrs and Meigs, of New York; Shaw, of Massachusetts; and he had also some opponents from the South—members refusing to vote for the "conditional" admission of the State, holding her to be entitled to absolute admission—among them Mr. Randolph. I have been minute in stating this controversy and its settlement, deeming it advantageous to the public interest that history and posterity should see it in the proper point of view; and that it was a political movement for the balance of power, balked by the northern democracy, who saw their own overthrow, and the eventual separation of the States, in the establishment of geographical parties divided by a Slavery and Anti-Slavery line.—*From Col. Benton's History, pre-published in The Evening Post.*

From the London Morning Advertiser.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND —AMERICAN SLAVERY.

SIR: As the semi-annual meeting of the Congregational Union is approaching, will you permit me, through the columns of your widely-circulated journal, briefly to notice the position of the American Congregationalists on Slavery, and the corresponding duty of the body to aid in removing from them so great an evil?

It may, however, be important first to correct some erroneous impressions which were made at the last meeting of the Union. In the *British Banner* of May 18, the following remarks are attributed to a personage no less conspicuous than Professor Stowe: "I wish to say, in the first place, that in the United States the Congregational Churches, as a body, are free from Slavery (cheers). I do not know a single Congregational Church in the United States that owns a slave (cheers). I do not think there is a Congregational Church in the United States in which a member could openly hold a slave, without subjecting himself to discipline. True, I have met with Churches very deficient in their duty on this subject, and I am afraid there are members of Congregational Churches who hold slaves secretly as security for debt in the Southern States."

1. Professor Stowe resides in the State of Massachusetts, which is separated from the State of Connecticut by an imaginary line. Both are free States. Yet the *Hartford Republican*, a paper published in the latter State, declares that there resides in the very county where the paper is published a member of a Congregational Church, in good and regular standing, who holds one hundred slaves. They are working for him in South Carolina, and he is living upon the profits of their unpaid toil. The article is copied into the *Pennsylvania Freeman* of February 18 of the present year.

2. In one of the largest Congregational Conventions that ever assembled in the United States, held at Albany, New York, Oct. 6, 1852, the question was discussed, "Ought the Home Missionary Society to sustain pastors of slaveholding churches?"—and, after an extended discussion, the Convention refused to instruct the Home Missionary Society to withhold aid from such churches. This proves conclusively that slaves are members of Congregational Churches in the slave States. At the same Convention, Mr. Lewis Tappan presented a resolution denouncing the Fugitive Slave law, but the body failed to adopt it.

It may be said that Professor Stowe, being an American Congregational Minister, must be good authority; but the above information relative to the Albany Convention is also derived from American Congregational Ministers, viz., the editors of the *New York Independent*, a leading Congregational paper.

3. The Rev. William Goodell, an American Congregational Minister, in his work on Slavery (p. 164), states as follows: "Congregationalists, through their associations of ministers, have held regular correspondence and close affinity with Presbyterians, have received delegates from the General Assembly, and sent delegates to them." The Presbyterians, it is well known, hold 77,000 slaves.

4. The same work (p. 164) also states that "Congregational Ministers, educated in New England, transferred to the Presbyterian Church, and located by the enterprising spirit of New England emigration, *in the slaveholding States*, have often become slaveholders themselves, and defenders or apologists of the slave system, and commonly without forfeiting their religious character, or ecclesiastical standing with their friends and relations in New England."

5. Dr. Baird, in his *Progress and Prospects of Christianity* (p. 50), speaking of Dr. Bacon, a leading Congregational Minister, and editor, says: "Dr. Bacon gave cases showing that there are persons holding slaves there, whom Christianity itself would not allow them to liberate in the present circumstances."

6. Some Congregational ministers defend the Fugitive Slave law. One of this class, Rev. J. O. Fisk, of Bath, was elected in, 1851, by the Congregational Conference of Maine, as delegate to the Old School General Assembly.

I have stated a few leading cases, but many more might be adduced. In view of them, the question arises—might not some practical and permanent plan be entered upon at the approaching meeting, adapted to purify the Trans-Atlantic Congregationalists from the enormities of Slavery? Can it for a moment be supposed that there is not denominational power enough on both sides of the ocean to lead the Congregational slaveholder, in Hartford, Connecticut, to liberate his one hundred slaves? Would it not shed a halo of glory around the coming meeting if a deputation should be appointed to visit America, for this express purpose, rendering it one of the brightest periods in the history of the body? It does appear to me that the very least that can be done is for the body to appoint a committee to inquire into the entire question, who at a future meeting might present a report, worthy alike of the body, of the Anti-Slavery cause, and the persons appointed.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD MATHEWS.

44 Broad Quay, Bristol, Sept. 30, 1853.

From the British Banner.

THE AMERICAN ABOLITIONISTS.

SIR: I read with much regret the article on the "American Abolitionists," published in your journal of yesterday. Both in the United States and in this country, I have worked with the party which you denounce; and hence I may claim to know as much of its character as most people. In view of this fact, as well as on behalf of many friends of my own who are intimately associated with William Lloyd Garrison in his Anti-Slavery labours, I venture to reply to your article, trusting to your impartiality for the insertion of my letter.

Suppose a number of persons form themselves into a society. They have one common object in view; and adopt the same modes of action. But in course of time some of them fancy that certain instrumentalities should be employed, which the majority believe to be injurious, unrighteous and ineffectual. Are the seceders under these circumstances to be allowed to continue their dangerous course without rebuke, and remonstrance, simply because they are honestly in error, and make mistakes, perhaps, from an excess of zeal?

This supposititious case is precisely parallel to that of Frederick Douglass. What, then, are the facts? Mr. Douglass now advocates voting under the United States Constitution. As you say, "he implores the friends of the slave to attend the ballot-box." You admire him for this change in his course. With all my regard for him, as possessing one of the grandest intellects and one of the noblest minds of his race, I believe that he has taken a wrong step; and I will state my reasons:

The American Constitution is a pro-slavery instrument. Congress, Judges, Whigs, Democrats, Free-soilers, pro-slavery divines, all agree that the Constitution is a compromise; that it provided for the continuance of the foreign Slave-trade for twenty years, and the reclamation of fugitive slaves, and creates a basis of slave-representation. Every man who becomes a Member of the American Congress must swear obedience to this Constitution. You, Sir, I think, have not shown that an Abolitionist can consistently do so. If he polluted his lips with such an oath, he must either be a traitor or a perjurer. These are the simple views of the extreme men. They can neither tell a lie themselves nor cause others to do so, under the pretext of some probable good arising from the falsehood; and for this strict integrity of principle they have been denounced as "enemies of all civil government." Mr. Douglass has abandoned this position. I have yet to see the wrongfulness of administering reproof to him for having done so.

What, then, it will be asked, do we advocate? The answer is simply, "No union with slaveholders." This accursed union has been the cause of all the frightful evils with which American Slavery has afflicted humanity since the declaration of independence. Again and again, under the pretence of saving the Union from impending danger, have the demands of the slaveholders been complied with. And if it can only be maintained by periodical compromise measures and Fugitive Slave Laws, what honest Abolitionist is there who would not work for its overthrow? Sir, I believe that the American Union is an outrage upon consistency and justice; that it is a shame and a disgrace for States professing to be in alliance with other States upon whose soil millions of human beings are held as chattels, and I believe, also, that every page of American history proves that as long as the Union is maintained, so long will Slavery flourish and increase in power. Let the North be divided from the South, and how long will 113,000 slaveholders be the tyrants of 3,500,000 of the oppressed black race?

Frederick Douglass is now the champion of the ballot-box; but will it put down Slavery? The right of the Slave states to support Slavery as long as they please is guaranteed by the Constitution; and no action of the American Congress can abolish it. And if such action was taken, disunion or a civil war would ensue. And in what better position would the Slavery question then be placed than it would be by our plan?

Sir, when you charge Mr. Garrison, and his colleagues of the American Anti-Slavery Society, with being "maligners of Christianity, execrators of the Bible, the men who make little of the Sabbath, and nothing of the marriage tie," I am horrified at the injustice of the accusation. I know that base-hearted men have come to this country in the guise of Abolitionists, and have set afloat these calumnies with the secrecy of assassins. I know that pro-slavery newspapers in the United States, such as the New York *Herald* and the New York *Observer*, have put language into the mouths of Abolitionists which they never dreamed of using, and which they would have shuddered as much at employing as you did in reading it. But I am pained that you should regard the outrageous falsehoods of sworn enemies to the cause of the slave as if they were well-authenticated facts; that you should not know that the men who can support or apologize for the iniquities of Slavery are capable of uttering any lie, or perpetrating any fraud.

Let us have facts. Again and again have the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society asked that the charges preferred against them should be substantiated by credible evidence, not by the exploded falsehoods of the New York *Observer*, nor by the coarse caricatures of the *Herald*, but by respectable authority. We are able and impatient to reply.

If it be urged that the American Anti-Slavery Society is founded on a basis "as broad as humanity," that men of all parties and creeds who are agreed that Slavery is a crime can join it, then I admit the charge. But I have yet to learn that it is wrong for me to co-operate in a good work with a man of any sect or party. Where is this liberality of spirit interdicted in the law of Christ?

Yours respectfully,

FREDERICK WM. CHESSON.

Manchester, Sept. 29, 1853.

THE FIRST ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.—At the meeting of the Free Democratic League, Monday evening, at the Stuyvesant Institute, the President, John Jay, presented a book containing the written proceedings of the first Anti-Slavery Society organized in this city, dating from January, 1785, to November, 1797.

Mr. Dawson offered the following preambles and resolution in connection with the presentation, which were adopted:

Whereas, the New York Society for Promoting the Manumission of Slaves, established in the year 1785, was composed of the most worthy and patriotic citizens of that day, and embraced among its presidents, during a course of years preceding and subsequent to the adoption of the Constitution, two eminent statesmen, joint authors of the *Federalist*, and members of the cabinet of Washington; and

Whereas, the recorded minutes of the said society, this evening submitted, tend to exhibit the light in which they regarded the system of Slavery, and the duty of the American people and of Congress, within the limits of the Constitution, in reference thereto; therefore,

Resolved, That the president be requested to prepare a brief memoir from the proceedings of said society, showing the principles and modes of action adopted by them, with such other information connected therewith as may help to illustrate that interesting question.

We have looked over the pages of this ancient book, and made an extract from the proceedings, to show the names of the distinguished persons who originated the society:

"At a meeting of the following persons, inhabitants of the city of New York, on the 25th day of January, 1785, at the dwelling-house of John Simmons, innkeeper, in said city, for the purpose of forming a society for promoting the manumission of slaves, and protecting such of them as have been or may be liberated, to wit:

Robert Bowne,	William Keese,
Samuel Franklin,	John Murray,
Peter Murray, Senr.,	Effingham Embree,
Robert Troup,	Thomas Bowne,
Lawrence Embree,	Edward Lawrence,
Melancton Smith,	James Cogswell,
William Goforth,	William Shotwell,
Willet Seaman,	Ezekiel Robins,
Elijah Cock,	John Keese,

Joseph Lawrence.

At their meeting on the 4th of February, in addition to the above members, we observe the names of John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, Alexander McDougall, Peter Yates, White Matlack, Rev. John Ganoe, Zebulon Barton, Matthew Vicker, William Backhouse, Thomas Bowne, and Leonard M. Cutting. John Jay was chosen president of this meeting.

The society added the names of distinguished men to its list every month, and all who have a curiosity to see their handwriting can be gratified at the League this evening, when the book will be open for public inspection.—*Evening Post.*

PRINCE JOHN IN TAMMANY.

THERE was once a John Van Buren who traversed the Union from Boston to Cleveland denouncing the exactions and aggressions of Slavery on the rights and privileges of the Free North, and pledging himself to a course of life-long resistance to such aggressions. This John declared, in 1848, that in seeking to confine Slavery within its present limits his object was not defensive merely, but contemplated the surrounding of the national disgrace with a cordon of Free States, and, having thus beleaguered it, to bring to bear upon it a public sentiment against which it could not long endure. Even so late as 1851, our John wrote to an Anti-Slavery meeting in Boston that the Fugitive Slave Law was abominable, and should be resisted by force, if requisite. But he has since seen new light—or, rather, a sensible impression has been made on him, not through the retina, but the epigastrium. Resistance to Slavery aggression, he intimates in his late Tammany speech, does not pay; and it is the first duty of a Van Buren to "support my wife and child." John is therefore a foe to "agitation," a devoted champion of the Baltimore platform, including the Fugitive Slave Law; and he is disposed to ridicule all who are so absurd as to believe there is any principle involved in political action, and that a politician might have a *bona fide* offer of thirty pieces and yet refuse it. Just consider this extract from the revised and authorized edition of his last Tammany speech:

"The danger to the Union from any agitation of the Slavery question is imaginary—but a faithful adherence to the Baltimore platform, which pledges the Democratic party against the renewal of this agitation, is none the less necessary on the part of every true Democrat. When the platform was constructed, I stood upon it here and ventured to predict that the State of New York would do so likewise. The action of the first Democratic State Convention that followed this prediction, and the election, by an overwhelming majority, confirmed its truth. I regard this platform as in substance a declaration that the Compromise measures, including the Fugitive Slave Law, are to remain undisturbed during the Administration of General Pierce, and to be faithfully enforced—that the Slavery agitation is not to be renewed in or out of Congress, under any pretext whatsoever. This involves no approbation of those measures. Jefferson Davis, Gov. Johnson, of Georgia, and many other Democrats besides myself, do not approve of them, but the agreement is that they shall stand. What profits this agitation now? Horace Greeley says a plan exists to divide California and to introduce Slavery into the Southern part; also into Nebraska, and that I know it. In regard to California, I will trust Broderick, Casserly, Wells, Purdy, Harris, Van Buren, all New Yorkers in California, who are united to a man against any such plan. As to Nebraska, if such plan exists, where are Seward, Giddings, Chase, and Greeley himself?

"If my ignorance may be excused, where is Nebraska? These gentlemen are in public life—they should attend to this. My business is to practice law, to support myself and child; and if I should come upon the parish, the overseers of the poor would think it a lame excuse, that I had been watching negroes in Nebraska [great applause and laughter]. What do the Freesoilers propose? Our friend Tompkins sits in the Tabernacle and passes resolutions; but this does no good.

"I read attentively the proceedings at the Hale dinner. Charles Sumner says, we must teach our children hostility to Slavery. With the aid of Misses Cassidy's excellent school, I can teach my child without a public meeting! Mr. Sumner speaks of what we should do in our families. He is a bachelor, it is quite plain, or he would never have got the primitive notion of having a grand national organization and a public meeting in a tent, to help each other do family duty. If *free* democracy has come to this, I prefer the old kind."

—We submit that the above extract of itself would amply justify the distrust and aversion with which the Prince and his clan are regarded by the National Democracy. Its tone of mocking levity, its vital insincerity, must repel the confidence of every man who is in earnest with regard to the great questions which have recently convulsed the country. When a National Whig or Democrat honestly says, "We must stop this Slavery agitation, or it will dissolve the Union," we necessarily feel that his conviction is to be respected, though we distrust the accuracy of his information or the soundness of his judgment. But when a platform orator tells us in one breath that Slavery agitation is harmless —that the Union has never been in danger from it —and in the next sentence declares that this agitation must be stopped—how can we fail to see that the man is acting a part in which his convictions have no share? that his premises are utterly at war with his conclusions? How are we to shut men's mouths in view of such horrible inhumanities as that recently perpetrated at Wilkesbarre, unless we assume that resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law endangers the perpetuity of the Union.

That the Prince should in the same breath avow his disapproval of a measure and pledge himself to discourage all attempts to repeal or modify it, is equally characteristic of his new position—shall we not rather say, his new mask? But when he tells us that there is no danger of Slavery absorbing Southern California because certain of his political cronies are residents in another part of that State, he provokes the question how far his indorsement is to be taken when his original promise has proved worthless? When such a contrast is presented between the leader now and that same leader a few years since, how can we be sure of the consistency and stability of the followers?

Nay: the facts are even stronger than the presumption. The Van Buren of California on whom he relies as one of the impregnable pillars of Freedom in that State was an Albany Whig prior to Gen. Taylor's nomination at Philadelphia, when he bolted and went with the rest of the Van Burens in deference to his and their paramount devotion to the restriction of Slavery within its proper limits. He soon after migrated to California, where he has since figured as a Union Democrat and *an advocate of the division of California with a view to the erection of the Southern half into a new Slave State!* Such are the broken reeds on which Tammany's Prodigal Son would have us rely for the conservation of Human Freedom in our young Empire on the Pacific.

But the Prince would have his ignorance excused while he asks, Where is Nebraska? Certainly: it is easier to excuse his ignorance of Geography than his scoffing apostacy from the cause of Freedom. Nebraska is the region bounding the State of Missouri on the West, and stretching westward to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It has just chosen a Delegate to Congress, who will doubtless present his credentials on the organization of the House next month. This territory is consecrated to Freedom by the express terms of the Missouri Compromise. No man has any more right to take and hold a slave there than he would have to start a tobacco plantation in Vermont and bring a chained gang of slaves hither to work it. Yet the Slavery propaganda is now burrowing and mining to have Slavery established in Nebraska, under the ægis of Gen. Cass's Nicholson-letter doctrine that Congress has no constitutional right to exclude Slavery from a territory, and that its establishment or outlawry there must be left to depend on the accident of a majority of those inhabiting the territory at the time of its forming a State Constitution being on one side or the other of this vital question. In other words, the Cass-Nicholson doctrine, which is held to be that of Union Democracy, upsets so much of the Missouri Compromise as was favourable to Freedom, and opens every part of the National Territories to a race and a scramble between the Free and the Slave States, to see which shall preponderate in their early colonization and settlement. A more dangerous doctrine—one more calculated to keep the North and the South in perpetual collision and light the fires of Slavery agitation from one end of the Union to the other—was never devised. Yet, under cover of that doctrine, the Slavery Propaganda, represented in chief on the frontier by Senator David R. Atcheson, into whose company as a Union Democrat the Prince has just crawled, is now doing its utmost to have Nebraska so colonized, organized, represented and governed, that she shall be admitted as a Slave State, and the future mother of a litter of such. All this is an excellent joke to the Prince; who can't for the life of him see why he should turn aside from practicing law and making money to "watch negroes in Nebraska." And thus, with a grin from the performer and a yell of delight from the spectators, the subject of Slavery in Nebraska is turned out of Tammany Hall, as of no earthly consequence compared with the due and comfortable subsistence of John and his progeny. Surely, after this the Cotton interest, North and South, need fear nothing from the rigidity of his principles, and need take security only against his versatility of purpose and proclivity to mischief.

No one has asked the Prince or his followers to agitate respecting Slavery in California or Nebraska. All that was needed or desired was simply this—that they should ever so quietly reaffirm their devotion to the great principles proclaimed by them through D. D. Field's resolve at Syracuse in 1847, and reaffirmed by them a hundred times in 1848 through all the moods and tenses of that arduous canvass—the principle, namely, that *Slavery is to be let alone by Congress wherever it has already a legal foothold, and resisted everywhere else* That is the position of our fathers—the position of New York in the struggle of 1846-9—the position which the North never did purposely abandon, and which we are confident she never will. On which side of it stands John Van Buren to-day? If on ours, why seek to cast reproach and ridicule on those who maintain it? If consistently, unflinchingly against us, why not confess himself the factionist and traitor in 1848 which the Sickleses and Dan Taylors pronounce him, and take his place in the rear of their troop, where he properly belongs? Let us see where he chooses to plant himself now, and then we shall know whether to adjudge him hitherto a trustworthy leader of Democrats or their selfish and factious betrayer. If he was governed by principle in '48, that principle is just as important and as cogent now; but if he had then no higher object than the defeat of the Cass Democracy, why should they now follow and trust him?—*Tribune.*

NEBRASKA.

A LITTLE knot of Slavery propagandists in the Senate of the United States prevented the Nebraska country from being erected into a Territory at the last session of Congress.

The bill establishing a territorial government passed the House by a very large majority, and would have passed the Senate if a direct vote upon it could have been obtained. But on motion of that interminable political tape-worm Senator Borland, the motion to take up the bill in the Senate was laid on the table on the last day, and during the last hours of the Session.

The men who made opposition to the bill, besides Borland, were: Adams of Mississippi, Butler of South Carolina, the Texas Senators and others. Several Northern Whig Senators even voted against taking up the bill, and John Bell, of Tennessee, made a speech against it, on philanthropic grounds, but, in our judgment, without a full understanding of the question.

The cat was let out of the bag during the discussion by Senator Atchison, of Missouri, who tried twice before he could make up his mind to reveal the whole story. In his first speech he said:

"When I came to this city at the beginning of the last Session I was perhaps as much opposed to the proposition as the Senator from Texas now is. The Senator from Iowa knows it; *and it was for reasons I will not now mention or suggest.*"

But in his second, which soon followed, he conquered his reserve and let out the secret as follows:

"Mr. President, I will now state to the Senate the views which induced me to oppose this proposition in the early part of the Senate.

"I had two objections to it. One was that the Indian title in that territory had not been extinguished, or at least a very small portion of it had been. Another was, the Missouri Compromise, or, as it is commonly called the Slavery Restriction. It was my opinion at that time—and I am not now very clear on that subject—that the law of Congress, when the State of Missouri was admitted into the Union, excluding Slavery from the Territory of Lousiana north of 36 deg. 30 min., would be enforced in that territory unless it was specially rescinded; and, whether that law was in accordance with the Constitution of the United States or not, it would do its work, and that work would be to preclude slaveholders from going into that Territory. But when I came to look into that question, I found that that there was no prospect, no hope of repeal of the Missouri Compromise, excluding Slavery from that territory. Now, Sir, I am free to admit that at this moment, at this hour, and for all time to come, I should oppose the organization or the settlement of that territory unless my constituents and the constituents of the whole South, of the Slave States of the Union, could go into it on the same footing, with equal rights and equal privileges, carrying that species of property with them as other people of this Union. Yes, Sir, I acknowledge that that would have governed me, but I have no hope that the restriction will ever be repealed.

"I have always been of opinion that the first great error committed in the political history of this country was the ordinance of 1787, rendering the North-west Territory free territory The next great error was the Missouri Compromise. But they are both irremediable There is no remedy for them. We must submit to them I am prepared to do it. It is evident that the Missouri Compromise cannot be repealed. So far as that question is concerned, we might as well agree to the admission of this territory now as next year, or five or ten years hence."

Mr. Atchison occupied the same ground at the beginning, it seems, as the Mississippi, South Carolina and Texas Senators did at the close of the Session. This gentleman apparently halted at the start under the influence of the Southern propagandists, but, his sides being well pricked by the public sentiment of his own State, he withdrew his opposition to organizing the Territory on the explanation given in the extract above.

It is here made very plain what the real opposition to the admission of Nebraska arises from. It is simply because it is *free territory*. The Slavery propagandists are ready enough for annexation of *Slave* States, but set their faces early and late against everthing like *free* soil. And these gentlemen have defeated, so far, the organization of a Territorial Government for Nebraska purely on this ground.

The tone of recent discussion on this topic makes it manifest that those who have opposed the establishment of the Territory of Nebraska, now intend to make more determined and lawless opposition than ever. Notwithstanding Slavery is excluded by the Missouri Compromise from the territory north of 36° 30′, it is stoutly and impudently urged that Slavery shall nevertheless be permitted in Nebraska, although the Territory lies wholly north of this line. Mr. Atchison's remarks are not only conclusive as to what the Slavery propagandists want, but are clear as to the difficulties that beset the way of these Union-saving patriots.

The discussions to which we allude are feelers thrown out to ascertain how far the public mind is debauched on the subject of Slavery, and to what depths of degradation it may be counted on to descend, and what outrages it may be expected to tolerate under the existing regime of anti-Free-Soil Democracy. It is loudly demanded that Cuba shall be annexed as a Slave State, that California shall be divided and a Slave State carved out of the southern half, and, finally, that Nebraska, lying all north, as it does, of 36° 30′, shall be opened to Slavery.

Let no one indulge the idea that this scheme as regards California and Nebraska is chimerical. They are absolute and fixed objects, at which the Slavery propagandists are steadily aiming and methodically driving. The re-agitation of the Slavery question has been deliberately opened in this State, as seen in the war between the Hards and the Softs. The secret history of this movement is not yet written. There is more in it than appears on the surface. There is more in it than simple revenge for a slight in the distribution of the public plunder; more in it than mere opposition to the men or the measures of this Administration. It is the first step in a new organization, intended to make the future Administrations of this Government more actively and intensely pro-slavery than they have ever been—an organization which means to trample genuine democracy and real freedom ruthlessly under its feet, *if it can.*—*Tribune.*

JERRY VINDICATED.

IT is with rare gratification we publish the following letter to the Onondaga *Gazette*, from the pen of our townsman, Mr. Williston. We should have considered the *Chronicle* honoured by being made the vehicle of this vindication of a man, who has been abused enough, Heaven knows; and whose morals have even been libellously compared to those of an American Congressman. But we are glad to *copy* so welcome an article from our neighbour, the *Gazette.*—*Syr. Eve. Chron.*

FRIEND GILLET: In the notice of the death of the "man Jerry," in last week's [*Gazette*, you say, among other comments, that

"'Jerry' was rather a bad boy, having been in prison several times for different offences. He learned the cooper's trade in the Onondaga Penitentiary, while confined there for some misdemeanour, and we understand he followed the trade in Canada. He had few if any friends in Syracuse, as a *man*. The excitement which led to his rescue, was brought about by opposition to the law alone, and not by any feeling of regard for the subject of it. Many will tell us, no doubt, that we should not speak of the dead, except in their praise; but it seems necessary sometimes, as in this case, to speak of those whom we cannot praise. 'Jerry' has become a subject of history. His rescue will be recorded as one of the events of this age, and people in after times will pass their judgment of approval or condemnation of the event which commemorates his name."

There are several mistakes in the above extract (unintentional, of course), hardly worth correcting, however, were it not that the whole tenor of the article is calculated to give a wrong and very unfavourable impression as to the real character of Jerry.

Jerry was one of Nature's noblemen, with a large soul full of lofty aspirations; with a heart overflowing with the kindliest sympathies. He was just such a man as you, if in danger of [illegible] like to meet, for to the full extent of his ability to serve you, would you have his aid. Generous to a fault, he would, aye, he *did*, devote the earnings of his daily toil to the support of little children, who had no claim but that of our common humanity upon him. Few men have such respect and reverence for the laws of the land as he had. Herculean as he was in bodily strength, yet a child could have led him by the hand to prison, or anywhere else, in the name of Law. It is *true* that two or three times he was committed to the Penitentiary, and it is *also* true that, while the real culprits escaped, poor Jerry suffered as did poor Tray, and for precisely the same reasons. The offences charged against him were simply misdemeanours, such as are often committed by some among us who hold somewhat elevated positions in Society. He possessed great intellectual strength also, and while labouring at his vocation rarely let a day pass without devoting two or three hours to reading. Upon all political subjects, especially, he kept fully posted. His favourite reading was the New York *Tribune*, New York *Evening Post*, and the *Liberator*. "As a man," the few in Syracuse who *knew* him were his friends. So far as my knowledge extends, all those for whom he laboured were his friends, and could testify to the truth of what I have stated above. He was employed by me, and worked at turning, mainly, for eight or ten months. During that time he toiled for me and toiled *with* me, side by side, day after day, and no mean, malignant, dishonest, or dishonourable act was chargeable to him. He was a WORKING-MAN, and, being a member of that Great Brotherhood myself, in the name and behalf of the "toiling millions," I protest against any attempt to blacken his memory. He had frailties and imperfections—*who has not?* he yielded often to temptation—who does not? he was a *sinner*—who will cast the first stone at him? Frail, imperfect sinner as he may have been, taken at the worst, his character would not suffer in comparison with thousands who move among us, wearing honours, filling office, and receiving homage from fellow men

Counties, Senate and Assembly Districts, have gone Hard, can no longer be questioned. Of the districts contested at Syracuse last Convention, at least two-thirds, and we think three-fourths, have given Hard pluralities. Briefly, the Soft party has vanished from the scene, and will no longer play a substantial part in our political contests. Had it been imagined that the Hards had any such strength, the Soft vote would not have been worth counting; and now, we doubt that there are forty thousand men in the State who will own after the votes are canvassed that they voted the Soft ticket this Fall. For, while this faction appears to have gained few other than leaders from the Cass Democracy of '48, it has lost half its rank and file by its shameless and mercenary apostacy from its own original principles and attitude. We confess to some satisfaction in contemplating the irrecoverable downfall of those who have so acted as to expose to suspicion and cast reproach upon all who profess to hold fidelity to Freedom above obedience to Party. As we honour those who trample on the withes of Party whenever impelled to do so by devotion to Principle, so must we loathe those who prove that their professions of exalted purposes and self-denying resistance to Party edicts were but masks to cover and facilitate the gratification of a personal malignity.

The Softs are no more a power. Henceforth, we shall be obliged to confront the National Democracy of '48, standing squarely and earnestly on the Baltimore Platform, and warranted not to run from the Assembly Chamber when required to indorse or condemn the pro-slavery positions of the President's Inaugural. Once more we shall be brought face to face with the unsound and perilous doctrine of Gen. Cass's Nicholson letter, so justly denounced by Secretary Davis as affirming a "squatter sovereignty" over the vast Territories of the Union, and suspending the tremendous question of Freedom or Slavery for a future State on the accident of forty or only thirty-five of the first seventy-five settlers therein happening to be for or against the blighting scourge. The Nationals are our natural antagonists, whom we respect even while compelled to resist them; and the extinction of the Softs will clear the political atmosphere of many foul vapours and enable many dim eyes to see where all is now darkness or confusion.

One word in parting as to the sort of warfare by which the extinguished faction made its last desperate struggle for power. After having stained themselves with the most glaring breach of openly plighted faith respecting the prompt completion of our Canals, it required no ordinary assurance in the leaders to make those Canals the subject of their harangues on the eve of a new election. It was bad enough, as a matter of policy, to put the Barnburner orators of '48 forward at all in this crisis, when prudence seemed to dictate that these should be kept in the background, and the Shepherds and Champlins interposed between them and the public gaze; but when such marked men as Prince John and Martin Grover were sent into Tammany Hall to persuade genuine Hunkers to follow them rather than Dickinson and O'Conor, it was a palpable blunder on their part to represent, as they did, the Whigs and the Hards as conspiring to rob the State of the Ten Millions about to be expended on the completion of the Canals, and the Adamantine bolt as contrived expressely to facilitate this gigantic robbery. Such sweeping imputations arouse resentment, but do no service—their grossness divests them of all power and effect. So, when John Van Buren broadly intimated that it was necessary for him to stand well with the North in order to be able to *help the South!* the preposterousness of John's attempting to aid the South and the South looking to him for support made the thing only tolerable as a joke, though less to excite mirth than indignation in those to whom it was addressed. But what shall we say of an ex-Member of Congress and candidate for Attorney General coming down from Alleghany to Tammany in order to get off the resistless and dignified witticism involved in calling the Nationals *Addermantines*! When a party is reduced to such desperate extremities for humour, it is surely time it were shovelled under, with as much decorous haste and as little odour as possible.—*Tribune.*

MR. GOODELL'S BOOK.

THE *Wesleyan*, of the 27th ult., contains the following strictures on the action of the Massachusetts Society respecting the corpulent partisan pamphlet which Mr. Goodell is pleased to style a History of Slavery and Anti-Slavery:

"SLAVERY AND ANTI-SLAVERY."

Of this work, by Wm. Goodell, we have sold many copies. Seeing an impeachment of its veracity, by the Mass. A. S. Society, in the matter of the division of the American A. S. Society, in 1840, we have waited the [illegible] specifications of incorrectness from those who make the charge. The managers of the Mass. A. S. Society decline to sustain their charge by any attempt at proof. They assume that it is abundant and already long before the public during the 13 years past since the division, and therefore need not be repeated.

This is uncandid and unfair. 'The public' of to-day furnishes thousands of readers who are not familiar with the occurrences of thirteen years ago, or less. This present public have been informed by that Society, through numerous channels, that William's Goodell's history is false and unreliable. This is necessarily injurious to his pecuniary interests and his reputation as a man. And it demands full proof or frank retraction.

To fall back on the expositions of years gone by, of which thousands know nothing, as a justification of charges made against an elaborate work of to-day, to which work such expositions had no allusion, as the work did not then exist, is to trifle with the public. And to make public assaults upon the reputation of an important work, and then refuse to attempt to sustain these charges, is unjust to the author. It may suit their conceptions of official dignity, but it will not in any wise dignify their position. It would be more creditable to them to point out the facts misstated or omitted, even at this late day. And we anticipated that they might be able so to do. It would, however, seem to be otherwise.

As there may be very honest sort of people (if not the clearest headed in the world) to whom this sort of twaddle sounds like reason, we would say, once for all, that the Massachusetts A. S. Society is the sole judge of the occasions on which it will go at large with its own defence against any charge alleged or insinuated against it. We apprehend that "the Public" has had its due as to the matters, for his treatment of which it has officially condemned Mr. Goodell's book. The Massachusetts and the American A. S. Societies, at the time of the Apostacy of 1840, and many times for years afterwards, while the subject possessed the interest it has long since lost, laid the subject in full before the Public in the *Standard* and *Liberator*, in the authentic Reports, and by the hand of individual members. They copied every reply that the seceders or their friends ventured to put forth, and the facts and philosophy of the whole business were fully expressed, by speech and the press, as anything could be. We humbly conceive that the Public has no right to ask that we should go over this ground again. It is not the Massachusetts Society, but Mr. Goodell, that the Public should find fault with, if it wants to know the right of these matters, for not having used the materials so amply provided for the purpose of giving a true account of that passage of history. We have done our part in the premises.

New Organization is dead, long ago. Or, if it survive, it is only in the person of Mr. Lewis Tappan, who sits like a second Marius among the ruins of another Carthage, and meditates upon the mutability of human affairs. The men who promoted that Secession have long since gone to their own place. After we have seen Mr. Stanton moving to lay Anti-Slavery Resolutions on the table in the New York Senate: Mr. Leavitt retired to a subordinate post on the staff of a Religious paper; Mr. Birney an advocate of Colonization; Mr. Charles W. Denison, the Birneo-Tayloro-Webster-Pierce man, promoted from the Penitentiary at Washington to the Consulate at Demerara; Mr. LaRoy Sunderland selling ghosts by the dollar's worth, in Boston; and another Reverend Gentleman, who shall be nameless (as he has returned home, and may have repented), selling spirits by the glass in San Francisco; after having seen these things, and many more, we really think New Organization does not need killing over again. And having very many more times than three "slain the slain," Mr. Goodell and the *Wesleyan* must excuse us from galvanizing its dead body again, for the purpose of knocking it over.

The subject has long since lost its interest. All that we said of New Organization has been justified by its conduct and its fate. What we prophesied has become history. It has passed away, and new enemies stand in the field, quite enough to occupy our attention and our hands. And if a man, in the garb of a friend, affecting impartiality to give a keener point to his blow, which, after all, he rather indicates than delivers like a man,

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hints a fault, and hesitates dislike;"

of such a man choose to put the gloss of our enemies upon the facts he proposes to relate historically, all that we feel called upon to do is, to interpose our denial between his statement and his readers. We can afford to wait for justice. The history of the Anti-Slavery Cause will yet be truly written. And it will record this passage in its history truly, as well as all others.

The *Wesleyan* complains that the action of the Massachusetts Society "is necessarily injurious to Mr. Goodell's pecuniary interests and his reputation as a man." We do not know how this may be. It certainly should be so, both to the one and the other. And it is no more than strict justice, if it be.—*Q. in The Liberator.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1853.

Second Decade Anniversary
OF THE
FORMATION
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

IT is almost twenty years since the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY was organized by a Convention held for that purpose in the City of Philadelphia. How eventful is the history of the Society and of our country during this period! The Society, faithful in a good degree to the great principles on which, as upon the Everlasting Rock, it was so wisely founded, has gone forward steadily and fearlessly in its work of exposing the sinfulness of Slavery and its dire effects upon the pecuniary prosperity, the political relations, and the moral character of the Nation, and demanding, as the right of the slave and the duty of the master, Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation. Happy would it have been for our country, and O how happy for those who now pine in bondage! if the voice thus lifted up in the name of Justice and Liberty had been heeded and obeyed. But, alas! the American People, like Pharaoh of old, hardened their hearts, refusing to obey the mandate of Jehovah, and practically demanding, "Who is the Lord, that we should obey his voice, to let our bondmen go? We know not the Lord, neither will we let our bondmen go." The area of Slavery has been immensely increased by iniquitous legislation and at the expense of a bloody and atrocious war; the number of slaves has augmented from two and a half to nearly four millions; and the Slave Power exults in the enactment of a new statute for the recovery of fugitive bondmen—a statute worthy of the spirit of Caligula and Draco, and disgraceful alike to our professions of Republicanism, Civilization and Christianity. Each advancing step in the progress of the Society has revealed a still "lower deep" of national corruption and profligacy, until both Church and State are shown to be utterly defiled by the dark spirit of Slavery, and the Constitution so contaminated as to leave no alternative to the friends of freedom but to repudiate its obligations or renounce their allegiance to God.

But notwithstanding these developments of national profligacy, we are far from being discouraged. Indeed, we see in these developments a sure sign of progress and a pledge of final success. We have compelled Slavery to exhibit itself in its true character before mankind; we have succeeded in fixing upon its hideous features the steady gaze of the whole civilized world; we have formed a nucleus around which is gathering, surely if not as rapidly as we could wish, a MORAL POWER which will ere long prove itself too mighty to be successfully resisted. We now know, as we did not at first, the heightg and depth, the length and breadth of the evil which we are struggling to overthrow, and this knowledge is an important preparation for the work that remains to be done. Profiting by the experience of the past, and having a never-failing source of encouragement in the consciousness that our cause is just, and that God and Truth are on our side, we must go forward, regardless of every obstacle, and undismayed by every danger that may beset our path.

In accordance with the vote of the Society at its last Annual Meeting, we hereby invite its members and friends to assemble in Sansom Street Hall, Philadelphia, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, December 3d, 4th and 5th, to celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary of its Formation. The meeting will open on the first day above named at 10 o'clock, A. M. We hope to see a representation of friends of the cause from every free State, and that, by the presence and labours of many eloquent champions of freedom, the meeting may be instrumental in strengthening the Anti Slavery Sentiment of the country and hastening the day when Liberty shall be proclaimed throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

[illegible] Committee.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *Pres.*
EDMUND QUINCY, }
SYDNEY H. GAY, } *Cor. Secretaries.*
WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Rec. Secretary.*

Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity in Harvard College.

SOME twelve, or it may be eighteen, months ago ("or by 'r Lady, inclining to" two years), the Corporation of Harvard University nominated to the McLean Professorship of Ancient and Modern History in that ancient Seat of learning, Mr. Francis Bowen, then and now the proprietor and editor of the *North Am. Review*. This nomination came regularly before the Board of Overseers, of which the Senate and Council of the year's Administration were an integral part at that time, and strongly Coalition, for confirmation. The majority of this Body rejected the nomination, and that for this reason: Mr. Bowen, in his Review, had professed to give an account of the history of the Hungarian Revolution, which was so twisted and falsified for the purpose of justifying the Austrian atrocities and the Russian intervention, that it appeared to the Overseers that such a man was not precisely the one to expound the secrets of History to the ingenuous youth of the Commonwealth. There was an outcry raised about it at the time, and an attempt was made to represent it as a partisan matter. But, we apprehend, if there was ever an honest act done by a public body, political or incorporate, it was that one. The unfitness of Mr. Bowen to teach History seemed to be admitted, and somebody else was appointed to that post.

But the next year, by an accidental concurrence of circumstances, the Whigs obtained the control of the State. The Alford Professorship of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity either became vacant or had been kept so, and the Corporation nominated Mr. Bowen to that Chair, being of opinion, probably, that a man who had been branded publicly, by the popular branch of the College Government, as incompetent to teach History, because of his inability to discern the facts of History, or his indifference to them, was still quite good enough to teach Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity. The Overseers of that year, some alteration having been made in their constitution, but strongly under Whig influences, confirmed the nomination, and the sons of Harvard have enjoyed the benefits of his instructions from that time to this. We have known many impudent things done by close Corporations before; but we must be allowed to say that this proceeding of the Corporation of Harvard College (consisting of the President, the Treasurer and five Fellows, who fill their own vacancies, subject to the confirmation of the Overseers)—we say that we think the coolness of the assurance of that Honourable and Reverend Body on this occasion exceeded all former exceedings on record. It would have refrigerated Sir John Franklin himself in the thick ribbed ice of the Polar Seas, could it but have entered into his heart to conceive of such a thing. It will do more to animate the hostility now entertained against the governing influences of the College, and to guide it on to the success it will inevitably have, than anything it has ever done or left undone. It was one of those insults which the Few sometimes think themselves strong enough to offer to the Many; but which the Many never forget and always revenge.

By way of demonstrating his fitness for the post thus assigned to him, Mr. Bowen has given currency, in the October Number of his Review, to doctrines on Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity, for which he is to be held responsible. It is an article on Uncle Tom's Cabin, which it dismisses without much remark, but devotes the chief of its pages to the question of Slavery itself. We have not space to go at length into an analysis of this exegesis, or to give extended extracts from it. Its *animus*, however, may be gathered from the following brief excerpts, assuring our readers that they are specimens only and not the entire offensive mass: "It is a law of nature that the intellectually strong shall govern the weak." * * "The negroes in the South are naturally and permanently the servants of the white race." * * "There are, no doubt, some persons, believers in the Rights of Man, according to the French Jacobinical version of them, who would deny the power of government to establish such a relation as Master and Slave. They consider personal liberty as one of those rights (!) and political liberty as another (!). *But these notions about vague and undefined rights, incapable of practical application, have been long since banished from the counsels of the wise!*" ("*Nous avons change tout cela!*" "We have changed all that," as Moliere's Doctor in Spite of Himself explained when he had said that the heart was on the right side and the liver on the left!) "*Slavery exists rightfully in the South.* NO RIGHTS OF THE NEGRO ARE VIOLATED WHEN HE IS MADE A SLAVE!" Some even go so far, the Reviewer informs us, as to think that a modified Slavery would be an excellent solution of the difficulties the Emigration question suggests, by making slaves, for their own good, of the Irish and German emigrants! But the Reviewer himself rather shrinks from accepting this bold philosophy, more, as it appears to us, from an apprehension of the opposition these ignorant beneficiaries might make to their own advantage than from any objection to its correctness.

The Reviewer holds that it is morally and politically right that the negroes in the South should be held as Slaves. The great mischief in the present system he conceives to be, that it rests on the doctrine that Slaves are Property. He would have the Slaves considered as Men, and the Right of Property attach only to their Labour. He says "a Slave is not and cannot be property." Still, "though the law cannot regard man as property without committing a wrong, *it may rightfully declare him a slave!*" This is the Moral Philosophy and the Logic of this teacher of mankind! A man may not be property, but the use of him may! And may be bought and sold in market overt! On this idea this wise reformer rests his hopes of a better state of things. "All evils (of Slavery) flow from the idea of property!" No doubt of that! But how is the idea of Property to be separated from that of Slavery? The Schoolmen should come to life again to settle such a point as this. But when his views prevail, and the arms, legs, muscles and brain of a man are made property, but not the man himself, then we shall see the beginning of an African Millennium. Hear him! Then "SLAVERY WOULD ASSUME A NEW ASPECT. IT WOULD PUT ON THE ROBES OF JUSTICE AND TRUTH!" Did the force of human effrontery ever go beyond this? Really, it does seem even to exceed that of the Corporation of the College that made the North American editor Professor of Moral Philosophy and Natural Religion.

It is a mistake, it seems, to regard Slavery as a curse to the South. "*It is not Slavery that is the curse of the South*; IT IS AFRICA!" Poor Africa! The enlightened and philanthropic Reviewer must needs wish with Miss Caddy Jellyby, in Bleak House, "that Africa was dead!" We don't see what other hope he can have. It is certainly quite as reasonable a one as the scheme he unfolds in this composition. Of course, he opines that the ark of Slavery is too sacred for any but anointed hands to touch. He says "no one can read Uncle Tom without the irresistible conviction that the Southern people alone can deal with the subject." Now it appears to us "fanatics and demagogues," as we unquestionably are, that his own admission that Mrs. Stowe's novel has attracted the notice of the Slaveholders to the abuses of the system and should lead them to amend them, is an answer to this. She seems to have dealt with it very effectually. And painful as it may be to him, we fear that the Reviewer must make up his mind to a continuing in these evil doings on her part and that of others. One of the great advantages of the Reviewer's plan of discriminating by law between a man and his own body would be that the simple objections some well meaning people have to extending Slavery over the entire continent would be thereby done away. And, moreover, the scruples some honest but simple minded people feel about helping catch runaway slaves would be marvellously helped by this nice distinction, and we should all assist as cheerfully as the Hunkers and Barnburners say they would in returning merely the body of a man to his claimant, when we should thus leave the man himself in his own possession.

Now, we know it may be said that Professor Bowen was not the author of this Article. We are well aware that its authorship is given, on a printed *rider* attached to the copy which we read, to Sidney G. Fisher, Esq., of Philadelphia. Now, who Sidney G. Fisher, Esq., of Philadelphia, may be, we do not know. We cannot tell whether his twaddle is that of a young man not yet arrived to years of discretion or of an old man who has lapsed into his second childhood. We never heard of him before; and, in all human probability, we shall never hear of him again. For it is not to be supposed that any periodical in the land, except the North American Review, would ever print such balderdash as this article. But we do know Mr. Francis Bowen, the Alford Professor of Moral Philosophy in Harvard College. Mr. Sidney Fisher's name at the bottom of a piece of paper of this description is perfectly immaterial; it is Mr. Francis Bowen's name across the back that gives it currency. "We will have Law Merchant for him, too," as Sir Peter Teazle says, of the circulation of Scandal, and if the maker be insufficient, we will come upon the indorser. Nor do we object to Mr. Bowen's holding and publishing his own views on Slavery in his own Review, written either by his own pen or that of Mr. Fisher. He has a perfect right to do so, and the more of this sort of thing he publishes, the better we shall like it. But we do affirm that the man who holds and propagates the doctrines we have quoted, on the subject of Slavery and Human Rights, is a very unfit person to teach the youth of America Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity. The influence of such a man on the young minds exposed to his influence must be most pernicious. His Chair should be one established by Nicholas or Francis Joseph and not by an honest, well-meaning, religious New-Englander. At least, he should gravitate to Columbia, S. C., and not to Cambridge. It is the most discreditable thing the Authorities of the University have ever done to have put such a man in a position where he could thus

"With slavish tenets taint our poisoned youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth!"

The responsibility of his evil influence rests ultimately and justly with *them*. What would have been said had they appointed Abner Kneeland, Hollis Professor of Theology! And, yet, where's the difference?—Q.

THE WILKESBARRE CASE.—It affords us pleasure to announce that the Grand Jury at Wilkesbarre have found true bills against Deputy Marshal Wynkoop and his confederates for their brutal conduct toward the Fugitive William Thomas. We shall see now whether Judge Grier will find means to save the scoundrels from a legal trial.

SALVATION OF THE UNION.

IN 1849–50, when the slaveholders wanted to frighten the North into compliance with their impudent demands, they cried out in grand chorus, "We'll dissolve the Union." At this the North began to turn pale and to tremble lest the "glorious confederacy" should tumble about her ears in one grand ruin. The Abolitionists knew and said that the slaveholders were merely playing a game; that they were no more likely to break up the Union than the paupers of a New England town were to withdraw from the poor-house. But Northern aspirants for the Presidency, fancying that their bread was buttered only on the Southern side, wanted *some* apology for betraying the cause of freedom, and were therefore more than willing to seize upon that which the South so adroitly presented. The cry of "danger to the Union" rang through the land, to the great terror of those who were so dull as not to see through the game, and whose prejudices would not allow them to heed the counsels of the Abolitionists. The cry having served its purpose, Southern papers now throw off all disguise and ridicule the whole business of Union-Saving as a farce. See what the New Orleans *Delta* says about it:

The Union of the North American States is now surrounded by officious admirers, who are resolved to persuade it that the hour of dissolution has arrived.

'Your life's in danger!' cries a voice from Mississippi, in the ears of the confederation.

The startled Union looks hurriedly around, and sees the neat little figure of General Foote trembling with affectionate terror.

'Your life's in danger!' comes in a charming whisper from Georgia, and, as the Union hastily 'bouts face, it almost knocks over its dutiful servitor, Governor Cobb.

'Your life's in danger,' says a clear, educated voice from the office of the New York Collector, and the Union feels like Cæsar after the *et tu Brute* stab, as it recognises the lineaments of Judge Bronson.

'Your life's in danger,' croaks a hoarse sentinel from the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, in the Empire City, and the Union shudders as it recognises the Celtic twang of James Gordon Bennett.

And yet there is no real cause for nervousness. There is more cry than wool in the patriotic process adopted by the terrorists. The Union is in quite a sound condition at present. Its agricultural pulse beats firm and strong. Trade leaps briskly through its veins like generous blood. The spirit of noble self-reliance is strengthened in its heart. Its lungs breathe more freely as the Pacific breezes are borne to them with little impediment. It has grown in height since it was represented in London by a Massachusetts manufacturer of toadyism. It will grow in breadth as its true international policy becomes better understood. It will be strong and stout when the key-bugle of Foote is heard no more, and the bassoon of Bennett has lost its tone.

If there is anything on earth which we detest, it is that busy-body, thankless patriotism which will not leave well enough alone—that uneasy principle which embraces the form of the American Union with a rabid violence, and will never be content until the idol yields to its hugs and tumbles from its proud niche in the portico of the world—that love which is often a hypocrisy disguised in honeyed words—an eloquent insincerity—a cunning masquerade for the fortune-hunter, and the political gambler, and the mercenary knave.

The Union party, as it is called, performed all that was required of it some years ago, and we protest against its unnecessary revival. It agitated enough against agitation, and we no longer need the music of its barrel organ to drown the note of the Abolitionist's pipe. The Union is in no danger now. It was in no danger when Webster "saved" it at Buffalo. Its walls were firm when Foote propped it up in the St. Charles It dreaded the approach of no enemy when the Wall street committee garrisoned the citaadel with resolutions and provisioned it with dollars. It had nothing to fear from the sword of Seward, the lance of Hale, or the sledge-hammer of Giddings, and required no hasty levy of troublesome allies at the time. It requires none now.

"Now this," says the *Evening Post*, "is all very true, but we hold it to be 'flat burglary' in the newspapers of the Southern States to ridicule their cottonite friends of the North in this unmerciful fashion. The poor fellows know that their services are all a flam, but they do not like to be told of it with such directness. It is not in human nature for a man to make a fool of himself, and then to listen to the taunts of those in whose behalf he did it, with patience. Let us, therefore, beseech the Southern press to forbear."

MANLY PROTEST AGAINST WRONG.

OUR readers will remember the account given in our last of the insult offered to Robert Purvis, Jr., of Philadelphia, and Misses Remond and Wood, in the Franklin Exhibition, by a police officer who threatened to turn them out on account of their complexion, and of the decision of a magistrate that no assault was committed because no force was employed, and therefore that the insult admitted of no legal redress. This unprovoked insult, it would appear from the following correspondence, which we copy from the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, has led Mr. Purvis, Sr., to the determination to resist the tyranny which persists in taxing him for the support of schools from which his children are illegally excluded. His manly Protest should cause the faces of his persecutors to tingle with shame.

BYBERRY, Pa., Nov. 5th, 1853.

FRIEND BURLEIGH: Amid the animating and encouraging signs of the times, occurrences there are which seem to dash our hopes, and drive us into the very darkness of despair. The recent outrage upon Misses Remond and Wood, and my son, at the Franklin Exhibition—Alderman Mitchell's decision in the case, when, too, he had, previously to the suit being brought before him, properly characterized it as most brutal and infamous—the continued high-handed exclusion of my children from the Public School in this Township, against law, justice and decency, perplexes and excites a spirit of belligerancy at war with the peace of my soul and body. It seemed impossible to bear any longer this robbery of my rights and property, by those miserable serviles to the slave power, the Directors of the Public Schools for this Township, and feeling it impossible, I wrote the following letter to the collector of taxes, which you may publish in the *Freeman*, should you deem proper.

Yours, very truly,
ROBERT PURVIS.

BYBERRY, Nov. 4th, 1853.

MR. JOS. J. BUTCHER—*Dear Sir:* You called yesterday for the tax upon my property in this Township, which I shall pay, excepting the "School Tax." I object to the payment of this tax, on the ground that my rights as a citizen and my feelings as a man and a parent have been grossly outraged in depriving me, in violation of law and justice, of the benefits of the school system, which this tax was designed to sustain. I am perfectly aware that all that makes up the character and worth of the citizens of this township look upon the proscription and exclusion of my children from the Public School as illegal, and an unjustifiable usurpation of my right. I have borne this outrage ever since the innovation upon the usual practice of admitting *all* the children of the Township into the 'Public Schools,' and, at considerable expense, have been obliged to obtain the services of private teachers to instruct my children, while my school tax is greater, with a single exception, than that of any other citizen of the township. It is true (and the outrage is made but the more glaring and insulting), I was informed by a *pious Quaker* director, with a sanctifying grace, imparting, doubtless, an unctuous glow to his *saintly* prejudices, that a school in the village of Mechanicsville was appropriated for "*thine*." The miserable shanty, with all its appurtenances, on the very line of the township, to which this *benighted* follower of George Fox alluded, is, as you know, the most flimsy and ridiculous sham which any tool of a skin-hating aristocracy could have resorted to, to cover or protect his servility. To submit by voluntary payment of the demand is too great an outrage upon nature, and, with a spirit, thank God, unshackled by this, or any other wanton and cowardly act, I shall resist this tax, which, before the unjust exclusion, had always afforded me the highest gratification in paying. With no other than the best feeling towards yourself, I am forced to this unpleasant position, in vindication of my rights and personal dignity against an encroachment upon them as contemptibly mean as it is infamously despotic.

Yours, very respectfully, ROBERT PURVIS.

THE MICHIGAN PRESS.—The *Bugle* brings us some choice specimens of pro-slavery billingsgate, which were poured upon the head of Mr. Garrison and his co-labourers during their recent tour in Michigan. The journals of Detroit, Adrian and Ypsilanti have copied the example of the New York pro-slavery papers, such as the *Herald*, the *Observer*, the *National Democrat* and the *Times*.

"If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household?"

HON. CHARLES G. ATHERTON (known to the country under the well-earned *soubriket* of 'Gag Atherton') died of paralysis at Manchester, N. H., on the 15th instant. He was recently elected to the United States Senate for the term of six years.

CINCINNATI ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

IT is gratifying to learn, as we do from the following report, that the Anti-Slavery BAZAAR of Cincinnati has met, this year, with better success than ever before. A history of a Fair is, in some sort, a history of the progress of the Cause; and where, as in the case before us, one of these efforts has risen from small beginnings to become an important instrumentality, we read in that fact that the untiring labours of its managers have succeeded not merely in establishing a ready sale for goods, but have also done much in creating the interest which both gives the goods and buys them. The credit which belongs to such perseverance is due in an eminent degree to the ladies of the Sewing Circle of Cincinnati, not merely because they have brought their annual Bazaar to its present point of success, but because they have done so without the stimulant of local needs, and free, in a great degree, from the pressure which necessarily arises where the responsibility of publishing newspapers or supporting agencies exists. But a small portion of the sum they gain from their sales is, we presume, expended in their immediate neighbourhood, but is distributed in various parts of the country, as they conceive the exigencies of the Cause warrant. Of the proceeds, this year, the American Anti Slavery Society is the recipient of one-fifth.

The report of the Managers is as follows:

The Fourth Anti-Slavery Bazaar closed week before last on Friday, and notwithstanding the rain, which fell in torrents all the last day and evening, will fully realize the best wishes of its friends, the proceeds amounting to about a thousand dollars. Our expenses were trifling, and we acknowledge thankfully our indebtedness to the many kind friends who made them so, and have so liberally contributed to this result both by giving and buying. One fact should not be omitted, that our citizens have given far more readily and largely than ever before; some five, ten, fifteen, and even fifty dollars, in goods or money, and many who have never done anything till now, have gladly answered our call, and made us feel that they approved our efforts. This we mainly attribute to the increased interest produced by our Convention in the spring. Our variety was greater, and none the less useful than heretofore, and we cannot but hail the signs of the times, as presented in these annual demonstrations, as pointing most encouragingly to the "good time coming." About two hundred dollars worth were contributed by our Massachusetts friends. The beautiful Sea Mosses of Mrs. Ashley, of Newburyport, and the Fayal baskets of Mrs. Sarah Russell, of West Roxbury, attracted deserved attention, and sold well; also a box of delicate and beautiful articles from Mrs. Shorey, of Dedham, and one from Mrs. Jewett, of Dayton, were gratefully received. Neither must we forget the nice butter, fruit, and yarn stockings, from Wilmington, Ohio, and the contributions in money from New Richmond, as unexpected as they were welcome. It would be impossible for us to enumerate all the friends who have sent us the useful articles of every day's consumption, but we thank them from our hearts, for the slave's sake, and cannot too often remind them how valuable they are to us, and how gratefully we appreciate them. One friend said, on seeing our fine squashes go off almost before we could mark them, that had he known we wanted *such* things at our Fair, he could have furnished a table full. We wish all would feel that we want a good many tables full of all sorts of things such as good friends have, and busy housekeepers want for next year, and our fund might be doubled. People are beginning to understand us, and are coming to our sales *expecting* the homely and solid things there, which correspond with our stern estimate of right and wrong, justice and freedom, and we must try and meet the demand. We have never raffled, and we believe we are respected in it. It surely cannot be right to do that in a Fair which would destroy our character elsewhere As the appropriations of the Society may be interesting to those who have aided us, we would say, that our annual Convention will be sustained in the spring, and that donations have been made to the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, *Frederick Douglass' paper*, the *Liberator*, the American Society, *Voice of the Fugitive*, Vigilance Committee, and George Thompson Fund. All the journals which we assist, are sent to us for distribution every Friday, at the Society meetings, and any member can have them if they wish.

On behalf of the Board, SARAH OTIS ERNST.

FACTS FOR THE HISTORIAN.

AMONG the most virulent haters of the American Anti-Slavery Society as well as subtle apologists for the American pro-slavery Church and Clergy is Rev. Dr. Campbell, Editor of the *British Banner*. His feelings, in view of certain events of recent occurrence on this side of the water, are exhibited in the following extracts from the *Banner* of Sept. 28:

We observe, from our last American exchanges, that the work of emancipation is proceeding prosperously. Among the more noticeable circumstances is the fact, that Mr. Frederick Douglass, proprietor and editor of the paper which bears his worthy name—himself a man of colour, and the most efficient advocate of his own people—has fallen into disfavour with the extreme men. We are exceedingly glad to learn that such is the fact. We had, indeed, a hint of it some time ago, but we were scarcely aware of the extent to which the fanatical violence of his former friends had gone. Strange to say, just in proportion as he is becoming a little more rational, they are becoming irrational? As long as he was wild like themselves, he was their pet and their idol, but now that he thinks a little more soberly, and, by consequence, a little more practically—now that he looks for emancipation to legislative action, and implores the friend of the slave to attend to the ballot-box, he is hooted, execrated, and denounced as turning his back on a cause which, to him, above all things, is unutterably dear! But for our familiarity with the spirit of the party, we should have deemed it scarcely credible that such violence could have followed such a course. He is actually charged with "base ambition—with a design to displace the captain of the Anti-Slavery ship, Mr. Garrison, and to place himself at the helm!" Now, we confess, that while we doubt the ambition, and, in the present case, its adjunct, we think the sooner the helm is in other hands than those of Mr. Garrison, the better; and we know not whether it could be in hands more clean, or more skilful, than those of Mr. Douglass * * * * * * Mr. Douglass is duly alive to the perils of his position. He avows he is by no means indifferent to such attacks, forasmuch as the men that make them are powerful. But while apprised of his danger, he has measured his ground, and rejoices in the fact that the attack was an open one. He know his adversaries. He determines, we are pleased to observe, to be slow in entering on a war of the pen with his old friends. He thinks he can be much better employed. He is right in this course. Let him, by all means, betake himself with increased vigour, to the prosecution of his special enterprise, and he may rest assured that his friends will multiply. The maligners of Christianity—the execrators of the Bible—the denouncers of the Church—the enemies of law and of order—the men who make little of the Sabbath, and nothing of the marriage tie; these are not the men to emancipate the enslaved millions of the New World! Far from it. The Church has, indeed, been most woefully to blame. Her guilt has been unutterably great; but, after all, it is she—penitent and reformed, and come to her right mind—that is to do the work.

We have no desire to make any comments upon the above. We publish it merely as a part of the history of the times.

It is not in Great Britain alone that Mr. Douglass's course is raising him up new friends. Here is an extract from the Philadelphia *Colonization Herald* that is even more significant than the praise of the *British Banner*.

We appreciate the sympathy and apprehension of Mr. Douglass for his brethren—yea, more, we honour his honesty and fidelity in denouncing the Garrisonian Infidel Abolition party, and separating himself and his influence from their fanatical movements. These men have ever been the scourge of the slave, the curse of the free coloured people, and the reproach of their country. It is known that for some time past Mr. D. has expressed his confidence in, and devotion to, the Bible and the Christian religion, in opposition to the infidelity of the Garrisonian School. His aversion to the Abolition infidels and profession of the truth, has exposed him to the fiery darts of his adversaries. True to God, to the Bible, himself and his brethren, he will be fully able to withstand his enemiess and command the respect of the intelligent and Christian public.

It is time the coloured people of the free States had shaken themselves from the clouds and dust brought on them by the heartless flattery, soulless falsehood, deception and treachery of Infidel political Abolition demagogues. Full time that the leading spirits among them had opened their eyes, looked around them, comprehended their precise condition, understood their exact heritage, beheld the indications of Providence, seen the opening doors of usefulness and happiness, surveyed the fields of glorious destiny, rising and spanning the future, and realizing the facilities of true greatness within their reach. In a word, it is certainly time, that our coloured brethren should exercise a wise and just discrimination, and know who are at this day, and have always been, their best practical friends.

☞ WE have tried for the last two weeks to find room for a reply to an article which recently appeared in the *Progressive Christian*, on the relations between the American Anti-Slavery Society and the Liberty Party. It shall have a place next week.

CALEB CUSHING ON SLAVE-CATCHING.

OUR readers have not forgotten the arrest of Freeman, as a fugitive slave, at Indianapolis, nor the outrageous conduct of the United States Marshal toward him from the day of his arrest up to the time when the proofs of his freedom became too overwhelming to be further resisted. The following telegraphic dispatch to the *Tribune* opens up another chapter in the history of that case, and shows us that the Administration at Washington has determined to protect the Marshal from the consequences of his knavery:

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Nov. 15, 1853

An important opinion of Attorney-General Cushing on the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, will appear in to-morrow's *Union*, which has received the President's approval. The opinion is anything but "Soft," but extremely "Hard." The facts which elicited this opinion are these: Senator Bright, in a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, informed him that in June last, Pleasant Ellington, of Mississippi, at Indianapolis, Indiana, in due form claimed a slave named John Freeman John L. Robinson, the Marshal, had the warrant placed in his hands to arrest Freeman. Upon examination it was ascertained Freeman did not owe service to Ellington, and he was discharged, and Freeman brought suit against the Marshal for damages.

In view of these facts Bright inquires, in behalf of the Marshal—first, whether the case can be transferred from the Courts of the State of Indiana to those of the United States; and, second, whether the Marshal may be authorized to employ counsel in his defense, at the charge of the United States.

In regard to the first point, says the Attorney-General, I am of opinion that, both parties being inhabitants of the State of Indiana, there is no existing provision of law by which the case can be removed to the Courts of the United States; and I do not think it expedient in this case, at least in the present stage of it, to suggest any other possible mode of bringing it before the Courts of the United States. It may of course be made the subject of revision there.

As to the second point, I am of opinion that it would be proper for the President to authorize the employment of counsel at the public charge, for the defence of the Marshal.

The Attorney-General thinks the Marshal ought to be sustained against organized combinations to defeat the execution of the laws, and recommends that the Marshals be authorized, in cases affecting the public welfare, to secure counsel, &c., at the public expense.

WORLD'S CONVENTION POSTPONED.

WE stated, recently, that a proposition had been made by some active friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in Great Britain to hold a World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London in 1854. The following extract of a letter to the *Wesleyan*, dated Edinburgh, Oct. 17th, shows that the Convention will not be held till 1855.

On Friday morning a well attended Anti-Slavery Conference was held in the Committee Room of the Music Hall. One or two members of Parliament and many ministers were present. The object of the meeting was to determine whether a

KENTUCKY AND OHIO.—The *Bugle* informs us that Robert Fee, of New Richmond, Ohio, was recently arrested under a requisition from Gov. Powell, of Kentucky, upon a charge of having assisted the escape of slaves, and surrendered by Gov. Medill of Ohio to the tender mercies of the slaveholders. The *Bugle* says:

We should like to know by what authority Gov. Medill surrenders a citizen of Ohio on such a charge. What if he had pointed the fugitives to the north star, or guided them in person to the Ohio river; that is no offence against our laws. Are we to be subject to Kentucky law? If so we may as well dispense with our own Legislature. It is an outrage against the peace and dignity of our citizens, which, if there was among them a healthful spirit of freedom, would doom Governor Medill to political death beyond hope of resurrection.

Multitudes of our own citizens have been seized at their own firesides, and carried into Kentucky Slavery, and who has ever demanded of Governor Powell, the ruffian kinnappers for punishment? And if they had been remanded, the messenger would have received insult and scorn instead of the persons of the culprits. These biped Kentucky blood-hounds traverse our country as they please—search the houses of our citizens without legal warrant—peering even into the chambers of their female inmates, snuffing upon the trail of their victims. Quite recently we have had occasion to chronicle several outrageous attempts to kidnap our free citizens, as in the recent case in Brown county; and Governor Medill and all the judicial protectors of personal rights amang us, never dream that they have anything to do in the premises.

RIGHT AND WRONG IN NANTUCKET.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes from Nantucket as follows:

Several years ago there was a great contest here on the question of admitting coloured children to the High School, and other public schools, on an equality with white children. It lasted two or three years, and ended with the triumph of justice and liberty over prejudice and the spirit of caste. The coloured children were admitted to the enjoyment of equal privileges in the schools, and there is no longer any prejudice felt on the subject. They sit and study and play promiscuously with the children of the white inhabitants, without detriment to either, and some of the brightest scholars of the town have come from among their numbers, though generally, perhaps, they are not equal, labouring as the coloured people still do, under many disadvantages, even in the Free States. The youngest scholar that has ever entered the High School (except the son of the Principal, who enjoyed peculiar advantages, and who was admitted at the same age, when the requirements of scholarship were not so high), is a coloured boy of nine years old, who went in with the greatest ease, under a rigid examination, in which many children from twelve to fifteen frequently fail. He is a little fellow of great promise, and passes by the name of Louis Phillippe. His surname is not known to me.

There was a similar contest in regard to the admission of coloured people to the Atheneum, which ended in the same way, in the final triumph of right over prejudice, and the hateful spirit of the Pharisee, "stand by, I am better than thou." The Atheneum was at last thrown open to the admission of the public, without distinction of colour. In this contest there were those whose names deserve honourable mention for their fidelity to truth and principle; but they are a class of persons who would object to any publicity being given to their deeds. It is a significant fact that these same persons are now identified with the great party of freedom, while their opponents, the Cossacks of those days, are now the most conservative and intolerant of the Old Hunker Whigs and Democrats. They still retain the same relative position to each other, the friends and enemies of progress, of liberty and humanity.

ANTI-SLAVERY ITEMS.

The Western Anti-Slavery Fair is to be held in Salem, Columbiana, Co., Ohio, on the 23d and 24th of December. We trust that all our friends at the West will give it their hearty and zealous support.

——Rev. A. T. Foss, after lecturing two months, very successfully, in Worcester Co., Mass., has gone to New Hampshire to spend a few weeks. He is an able lecturer. Would that there were many more like him.

——GILES B. STEBBINS is now lecturing in Rhode Island, where labours such as he bestows are very much needed. The Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society, owing to causes which it is not pleasant to us to think of, appears to have become practically defunct. We hope it may be revived, or a new one formed, under more favourable auspices. The quality of the political Anti-Slavery existing there would be vastly improved by an organization devoted exclusively to the work of moral agitation.

——We alluded last week to an Anti-Slavery meeting held in the Congregational Church in Weymouth, Medina Co., Ohio, at which Mr. Garrison was present, the minister of the church taking part in the proceedings. A correspondent of the *Bugle*, writing from Weymouth, says:

Since the meeting we have had more to gladden our hearts in the fact that Mr. Seymour has preached a bold and manly sermon to his people, in which he said, in reference to the Weymouth meeting, "I heard no infidel sentiments; and if," said he, "they are infidels, yet they have spoken the truth, and we as Christians were bound to hear it." That caused my heart to respond, Amen. If all our ministers would take that position, our work would be half done. It is a matter of much rejoicing with me that some of our preachers are bold, good men. I will say, our meeting at Weymouth was a glorious one, and has, I think, resulted in much good.

——Our old friend Barclay C. Gilbert (than whom, though he is a Free Soiler, there is not a more wholehearted Abolitionist in the land) gives, through the *Bugle*, an account of several Anti-Slavery meetings recently held by Parker Pillsbury and Charles and Josephine Griffing, in Stark and Portage Counties, Ohio. He says:

Parker certainly never laboured with such efficiency in this section of country before; and I am informed by others it has been so elsewhere. This is no doubt in part owing to the manner in which the guilty ones were treated. No facts have been withheld for fear of giving offence; but they were commented upon in such a way as to add to their force, without outraging the feelings of the audience. The good and true *working* Anti-Slavery was recognized wherever found in church or party. The loud boasting republican and Christian was severely rebuked, by the fact that millions of human beings in our midst are chattelised, and they making no effort to change their condition for the better. To the disunionist who complacently folds his arms and says, I am not like that Free Soil publican, I don't vote, his language was, No, and you don't do anything else.

On Sunday afternoon he preached a sermon in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Randolph Centre, from the words of Jesus, "Think not that I come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." It would take an abler pen than I wield to review *that* sermon: I may only say of that it was strong in its language, terrible in its truth.

The Griffings contributed their share towards the interest of the meetings. It would not be too much to say, that it was good for us all that we met. It is matter for regret that Parker's precarious health will compel him to leave the lecturing field for a season. He may now be put down as a veteran, and I hope will live to see Anti-Slavery as popular as Temperance is now. Would it not be funny to hear Gen. Carey speak of him as that "beloved and honoured war horse?"

POLITICS.

MISSISSIPPI has elected the State Rights Representative ticket. Gov. Foote (the little 'hangman') is defeated, and Jefferson Davis is at the top of the wheel.

——The next Legislature of New York will probably be divided politically as follows: Senate—Whigs, 22; Hards, 5; Softs, 2; still in doubt, 3. Assembly—Whigs, 80; Hards, 28; Softs, 20; Free Dem. 2. A majority of the Whigs are said to be Seward men.

——The Slavery Democracy have triumphed in New Jersey. But the papers say there is a prospect of a movement to contest the eligibility of Mr. Price, the newly elected Governor, on the ground that he has not been a resident of the State for seven years preceding the election, as the Constitution requires. The Trenton *State Gazette* says:

"Rodman M. Price has unquestionably received a majority of the votes cast, but the Constitution of the State yet stands between him and the Gubernatorial Chair. His claims are to be contested before another tribunal, and we have an abiding faith that he will be declared ineligible."

——MASSACHUSETTS, contrary to general expectation, went Whig at the election of Monday last. Washburn, Whig, has a large plurality for Governor, and a majority of the members of the Legislature are likely to be of the same party. The new Constitution is rejected by 5,000 majority. The Coalition is nowhere. We confess to some regret in view of this unexpected result, but as we never stake our hopes for the Anti-Slavery cause upon any political issue, we have no tears to mingle with those of our Free Soil friends. May their misfortune teach them to place less confidence in political management and more in great moral principles and instrumentalities.

——One of the hardest and best political hits that we have seen in a long time was that given by the *Tribune* on Saturday last by the publication in its editorial columns of the following advertisement:

WANTED—Employment, by a Prince, of facile principles, fluent speech and imposing address, but whose fortunes, with those of his family, have suffered by recent convulsions, and whose loss of a French Embassy and blighted expectations of a United States Senatorship have left him without a place. Accustomed to generous living, and having a family to provide for, he is ready to undertake anything that promises well; but the disastrous results of a former Wool speculation compel him to decline further ventures in that line. Being still a gentleman of large expectations, he must decline, for the present, any occupation essentially low and vulgar—such, for instance, as watching negroes in Nebraska—but a continuance of his present run of luck may constrain him to descend even to that. Please address J. V. B., at the office of the *Evening Post*.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

PARKER PILLSBURY was advertised to deliver his celebrated Lecture on the French Revolution at Cleveland on Monday evening last.

——THEODORE PARKER gave the first of a course of "Independent Lectures" at Providence on the 9th instant. His subject was, "Some of the Chief Causes which hinder the Progress of Mankind." We judge from the brief report in the Rhode Island *Freeman* that he uttered a great deal of wholesome truth.

——MRS. EMMA R. COE is lecturing at the West, on Woman's Rights. She is one of the best speakers of the sex. At Dayton, Ohio, she seems to have awakened an excitement not unlike that caused by the appearance of Lucy Stone at St. Louis. The papers were constrained to speak of her in the most respectful terms.

——The signs of war between Russia and Turkey have caused a great deal of excitement among the European refugees residing in the United States. Two leading Hungarians have issued a proclamation to their fellow-exiles, calling upon them to hold themselves in readiness to follow Kossuth to the battle-field in behalf of Turkey. They regard the war of that government with Russia as a signal for a general struggle on the part of the down-trodden masses of Europe for the attainment of their long-lost rights. How little they know of the nature of liberty who look to war and bloodshed for its attainment!

——W. J. WATKINS, formerly of Boston, and now Assistant Editor of *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, recently visited Toronto, where he held two meetings. In his account of them he says:

A great number of our coloured friends were present, among them those who were once groaning beneath the lash of American tyranny, the "well-fed, happy and contented slaves" of the "Old Dominion," and of the rice-swamp, and cotton plantation. We were commenting upon a paragraph which appeared recently in the Southern papers, in which it was alleged that the fugitives in Canada were very discontented with their hard lot as freemen. It was also stated that certain slaveholders had met with some in Canada who were anxious to return to bondage, and would do so could they but obtain the money. Men and women! said we, you have fled for refuge to the extended arms of the British Queen! do you wish *again* to wear the yoke of the oppressor? Would you exchange the hearty shake of the lion's paw, for the fierce talons of the American Eagle? *No!* NO!! NO!!! exclaimed the indignant men who had been so grossly slandered. Are you satisfied with freedom in Canada? *Yes!* YES!! YES!!! was the thundering response. Then, said we, Mr. President, slaveholders are not a truth-telling people.

——HORACE GREELEY closed his address before the Indiana Agricultural Society as follows:

As for me, long tossed on the stormiest waves of doubtful conflict and arduous endeavour, I began to feel, since the shades of forty years fell upon me, the weary tempest driven voyager's longing for the land, the wanderer's yearning for the hamlet where in childhood he nestled by his mother's knee, and was soothed to sleep on her breast. The sober down hill of life dispels many illusions while it develops or strengthens within us the attachment, perhaps long smothered or overlaid, for "that dear hut our home." And so I, in the sober afternoon of life, when its sun, if not high, is still warm, have bought me a few acres of land in the broad, still country, and, bearing thither my household treasures, have resolved to steal from the City's labours and anxieties at least one day in each week wherein to revive, as a farmer, the memories of childhood's humble home. And already I realize that the experiment cannot cost as much as it is worth. Already I find in that day's quiet an antidote and a solace for the feverish, festering cares of the weeks which environ it. Already my brook murmurs a soothing evening song to my burning, throbbing brain; and my trees, gently stirred by the fresh breezes, whisper to my spirit something of their own quiet strength and patient trust in God. And thus do I faintly realize, but for a brief and flitting day, the serene joy which shall irradiate the farmer's vocation when a fuller and truer education shall have refined and chastened his animal cravings, and when Science shall have endowed him with her treasures, redeeming labour from drudgery while quadrupling its efficacy, and crowning with beauty and plenty our bounteous, beneficent Earth."

TEMPERANCE.

The *Tribune* believes that 20 of the 32 Senators, with 80 of the 128 Assemblymen, just elected by the people of this State are in favour of the speedy enactment of the Maine Law.

——It is said that the Maine Law Delegates will hold the balance of power in the Maryland Legislature, and that they will use it to the best advantage of their cause. Their votes will be solicited by Whigs and Democrats, in choosing a United States Senator. They will first insist on a vote upon such Maine Law principles as they may submit; and will remember the party that remembers their cause.

——The Providence *Journal* says: "The Maine Law men in Baltimore are different from their brethren here. When they elect Members of the Legislature, they add a Sheriff, too, thinking that the executive as well as the legislative power is of importance. The moral effect of the vote was such that in Baltimore all the tipplingshops were closed the Sunday following, and the Baltimoreans had a very dry time. We do not learn that any serious consequences ensued beyond the immediate suffering, and the public passed through the ordeal as well as could have been expected."

THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.—Mr. Benton's history of the struggle that preceded the admission of Missouri to the Union, which we have copied on the first page, is probably accurate for the most part; but he certainly spoke carelessly in saying that "*many*" of the States that voted in a body against the admission of Missouri "now exclude the whole class of the free coloured emigrant population from their borders." We can remember none of those States, except Indiana and Illinois, which practice such exclusion, and they, certainly, are not "many."

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Events of recent occurrence in these islands induce the belief that the government is about to seek annexation to the United States. The King and his advisers contemplate this measure as the only one that promises relief from perplexities that are constantly growing worse.

Dr. W. H. BRISBANE, for many years a resident of Cincinnati, where he has laboured faithfully, and in a catholic spirit toward all classes of Anti-Slavery people, the Disunionists not excepted, is about to take up his residence in Wisconsin. We regret this, for he is much needed in Cincinnati.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A SABBATH SCENE. By JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

Our readers are all familiar with the Poem whose title is given above, and they will be glad to learn that Messrs. Jewett & Co., the publishers of Uncle Tom's Cabin, have issued a superbly beautiful edition of it, with no less, than 18 illustrations of its different scenes. No form of Anti-Slavery effort pays better than that of circulating this and other similar publications, by means of which the atrocities of Slavery and the diabolism of the Fugitive Slave act are exhibited to the gaze of the people. If the American Church wishes to get a sight of its own ugly visage, here is a faithful mirror for its use. A copy of it ought to be placed on every centre-table in the land. It is a pretty book to present to a child, as its pictures will provoke inquiries, the answers to which by parents and friends will serve to make impressions as useful as they cannot fail to be lasting.

SIMILITUDES FROM THE OCEAN AND THE PRAIRIE. By LUCY LARCOM. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

A very pretty book for the young folks, being addressed to their sense of the beautiful and their love of the right and the true, and adapted to lead them away from whatever is vulgar and degrading.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—See contents of No. 495 in another column. We wish it were in our power to introduce at least one copy of this invaluable publication in every neighbourhood in the land. It is a little too conservative for our taste, but it gives regularly the very cream of English literature, and we could not on any account afford to do without it.

LAYS OF QUAKERDOM.—We invite attention to the announcement of a series of Poems under this head, the first of which will appear in the December number of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. The "Heroism of the Early Quakers" is a noble and inspiring theme, and we have reason to believe that the lines which the Knickerbocker is about to give to us will be worthy of it. The subject of the first poem is the "Execution of Mary Dyer," and we are told that competent judges have declared that the author has handled it with the skill of a true poet.

SUMMARY.

The underground railroad is still "one of 'em." A Southern planter arrived yesterday in pursuit of a human chattel, who must have reached Queen Vic's dominions just about the time the planter reached the Forest City. The "dissolution of partnership" occured at the Monongahela House, Pittsburgh.—*Cleveland Democrat.*

——FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE IN PARIS, STARK CO.—On Saturday morning last, the residence of a widowed lady named Morrow and her four children, in Paris, was consumed by fire, and sad to tell, the children perished in the flames, despite every effort to rescue them.—*Salem (O) Bugle.*

——Col. William Schouler, late of the *Boston Atlas*, now Clerk of the Massachusetts House, has purchased an interest in the *Cincinnati Gazette*, one of the oldest, most respectable and best patronized newspapers West of the Alleganies, and will assume the Editorial charge thereof about the 1st of December.

——A citizen of Kentucky told the editor of the Cincinnati *Times*, on the 27th, that four of his slaves had escaped from him, that he had traced them to that city, but had lost all trail of them there. He said further, that he knew of more than thirty slaves who had fled from Mason, Pendleton and Bracken Counties, not one of whom had been recaptured.

——BOARDING-HOUSE COLLOQUY.—*Boarder*—What large chickens those are? *Landlady*—Yes, chickens are larger now-a-days than they used to be; ten years ago we could not get them so large as these. *Boarder innocently*—No, I suppose not; they must have grown some in that time! (Landlady looks as though she had been misunderstood.)—*Portland Eclectic.*

——YOUNG AMERICA.—"My son," said a doating father who was about taking his son into business, what shall be the style of the new firm?" "Well, governor," said the one-and-twenty youth, looking up in the heavens to find an answer, "I dont know; but suppose we have it 'John H. Samplin and father.'" The old gentleman was struck with the originality of the idea, but could not adopt it.

——From a table in Chambers' Repository, copied into the Journal, it appears that five series of expeditions have been fitted out to search for Sir John Franklin since 1848, at an expense of £802,466. Including the outlay for the original Franklin enterprise in 1845—to discover the fate of which the other voyages and over-land efforts have been made, the cost of the Artic explorations is about five millions of dollars.

——THE PROGRESS OF THE CENSUS PRINTING, &c.—We are gratified to be able to state that Gen. Robert Armstrong, public printer, will entirely complete the census work in about a week. As a specimen of book printing, its execution reflects great credit, indeed, upon the skill of his office. It is to be bound in a single volume of 1,200 pages, making a book much in appearance like a full volume of the *Congressional Globe.*

——Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, and one Pilcher, were rival candidates for office, and were "stumping" against each other. Pilcher was haranguing about "*his* father having been a poor man," *his* father was a cooper, and more of that sort of thing. Marshall said he would admit the gentleman's father was a poor man; perhaps he had been a cooper, but if he was (pointing to Pilcher), he made a mighty *poor head* to *one* of his whisky-barrels!

——The Charleston people (says the *Post*) are having their fun out of Uncle Tom's Cabin, as well as the rest of us. The Charleston *Standard*, speaking of the performance of the "Nightingale Troupe," says:

"On monday night will be introduced, for the first time, Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Freedom at the North and Service at the South. We hear already of a great demand for tickets. Aunt Harriet Beecher's *toe* will, we anticipate, be entirely dislocated."

——ARRIVAL OF JOHN MITCHEL.—Thomas Francis Meagher yesterday morning received a letter from his friend, Mr. P. J. Smith, from San Fransisco, stating that John Mitchell and his family would leave for New York by the steamer of the 1st of November. Consequently, this distinguished Irishman may be expected here about the 27th inst. Mr. Smith was the gentleman who made all the arrangements and acted as chief escort to Mr. Mitchel during the escape from Van Dieman's Land. He is Mr. Meagher's most intimate and trusted friend.—*Tribune, 12th.*

——AGITATORS.—Cushing gives notice that all persistent agitators of the Slavery question are to be turned neck and heels out of the Democratic party. He ought to commence with Mr. Pierce and his advisers, for they have agitated nothing else for the last eight months. The *Union* is full of it, and Guthrie, Cushing, Campbell, and Pierce seem to have forgotten all their official duties in the one idea of pandering to the whims and foolish fears of the oligarchy which rules the South.—*Phil. Register.*

——A SOFT.—Mr. Guthrie is the Cabinet member selected to protect and conciliate the Free-Soil portion of the Democracy. The latest indication he has given of Free-Soil tendencies is the emancipation of a slave-woman, by bringing her into the free State of Ohio. As she was not an "escaping slave," she was legally free and "used it rather." Guthrie bears the joke as well as might be expected, but thinks his particular friends, the Free Soilers, carried the joke too far. They carried it into Canada.—*Phil. Register.*

——THE TWO INDIGNATIONS.—Washington letter-writers say that the forth-coming Presidential message will contain two explosions of virtuous wrath. The first will be against the English for catching negroes on the African coast and taking them into partial Slavery in Cuba; the second will be against such Americans as refuse to catch fugitive negroes and send them into Slavery in the Southern States. Consistency! thou art a jewel.—*Phil. Register.*

——The Lynn (Mass.) *News* gives a long account of a Banner Presentation, by the ladies of Lynn, to a Light Infantry company. The company turned out, and on a platform in Washington Square, Miss Emma Monroe, supported by a number of other ladies named, presented the banner, and made quite a speech, which is duly reported. If the lady had gone on a platform, in a church or lecture room, to make a speech about Temperance or Woman's unpaid toil, "I 'spects she'd a been wery wicked."—*Pitts. Visiter.*

——TEST OF SOUNDNESS.—M. G. Lewis, the editor of the (Eastport) *North Mississippi Union*, being a candidate for the Legislature in Tishemingo County, Miss., some one has circulated the charge of Abolitionism against him. Lewis noticed the charge in a card in his paper, in which he offers the following eminently practical test of his soundness upon the que tion:

"If any one doubts my soundness upon the Southern question, suppose he present me with a single specimen, or half a dozen of 'em, of slaves, for experiment sake, and see what I'll do with 'em. Or if he wishes to combine profit with experiment, let him present them to his unmarried daughter, and I'll take her with them. I am willing to make an investment of the kind Let him who doubts my soundness try the test."

——FOR LIBERTY!—Three fugitive slaves, from Virginia, passed through our village one day last week, on their way to Canada. They belonged, originally, to a gentleman of Richmond; but on his death were given their freedom, on condition they would emigrate to Africa. This they refused to do, and so they were immediately hired out to different individuals, by their present owners. Fearful that they might be sold to some planter down South, they resolved to run off When they arrived here, they were almost naked, and without shoes to their feet, but through the liberality of some of their coloured friends, they were comfortably clad, and sent on their way rejoicing. They are safely in Queen Vic's dominions by this time.—*Elmira Republican.*

——FAUSTIN I. OF HAYTI, has imitated rather ridiculously some of the nonsense of his white brother monarchs: but in one respect, according to an anecdote in the N. Y. *Tribune*, he has shown his good sense and set an example which should be commended to the attention of the Duke of Tuscany It seems his coloured Majesty happened to pass the Custom House just as an officer was allowing a lot of religious books to pass. Learning the circumstances of the case, the Emperor gave command—that henceforward no duty should be charged upon Bibles, Testaments, Protestant religious tracts, &c.; and then turning to the captain of the American vessel, he said, "I shall be happy to have on the Island, as much of such reading matter as you can bring, and if any person interferes with you, let me know it."

——HONOUR AT THE FIVE POINTS.—Rev. Mr. Pease, in an address before the Sabbath School of the Church of the Puritans (Dr. Cheever's), made the following statement: When he commenced giving out work to the destitute who thronged his rooms, he was cautioned by those who furnished the materials, as well as those of whom he purchased bread, that his hearers would probably steal from him at every opportunity, and that he would never see half his work returned. But after three and a half years' experience, although, by their own confession, some of the articles were made in the station house, and others by the light of the street lamp, he had never lost one article.

——MULATTO VOTERS.—The Cincinnati *Times* states that at their recent election several men with curled hair and dark complexions offered their votes at the polls in that city. They were at first refused by the judges, but upon the statement of several lawyers that the Supreme Court had decided such persons to be legal voters, their ballots were received; and the Union still survives! Just where lies the line of distinction between the white and negro races, under the operations of the patriarchal institution is a difficult problem to solve, but it is possible that very difficulty may help to hasten the full recognition of the rights of the coloured people.

——A WHITE NEGRO.—Dr. Hood of Whiteville, Ga., describes a white negro woman living near him, 34 years of age, the mother of 10 ebony children, whose skin, since she was eleven years of age, has changed from a pure black to a white, as fair as any Circassian blood. Her eyes and hair retain the African peculiarities. No diseased condition of the skin or system has been discovered to account for this change, which began upon her forehead, in a small spot, and gradually affected her whole body, the black disappearing from her neck downwards in a single week after her face had become entirely white.—*Chattanooga (Ga.) Advertiser.*

——PRETTY AND GRACEFUL.—It is now-a-days a very common affair to see two *ladies (?)* enter a railroad car half an hour before the time for the leaving of the train, throw the back of one seat over so as to sit vis-a-vis, lumber the spare room with shawls, bundles and handboxes—and then when the cars begin to be filled up, take every precaution to prevent any one from occupying either of what should be vacant seats, and in many instances compelling passengers to stand, when a spirit of accomodation would allow them a comfortable position. Such persons should be informed by the conductor, that when they buy a ticket, the purchase of the car is not included.

——COMMON SCHOOLS OF NEW ENGLAND.—By the last official returns of the public schools in the six New England States, the whole number of pupils in attendance during the year was 641,988. The whole cost of instruction for the year was $2,055,131 65. In Vermont the average cost of each pupil was $2 22; in Maine, $1 34; in Connecticut, $1 35; in Rhode Island, $1 64. In Massachusetts the law requires each town to raise by tax at least $1 60 per child, between five and fifteen years of age, as a condition of receiving a share of the income of the State school fund. All the towns complied with this condition last year, and 180 towns raised double the sum thus specified. The amount expended in Massachusetts last year for each child above named was $4 54.

——Brisbane, the Fourierite, who studied the principles of Association and attractive industry under Fourier himself, has come into possession, by the death of his father, of a large property, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, which he has been increasing by judicious railroad speculations (Exploitation of industry). Having, in company with Victoire Considerant, the leading French Socialist, made a survey of Northern Texas, during the past season, they are about buying a million acres of land in a beautiful and fertile portion of that country. Considerant has gone back to France to raise his share of the funds, and Brisbane has already employed one or more agents to buy up soldiers' land warrants. The proposed tract lies in the probable route of the Great Pacific Railroad, and is described as one of the finest countries in the world. It will be seen, then, that French Socialism, scotched in Europe, is looking for a broad field for its active realization on this continent.—*Syracuse Star.*

——THANKSGIVING.—This festival, of Pilgrim origin, was observed in Maine on Thursday last. In New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Alabama, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, it is to be observed on Thursday next.

PROCLAMATION.

By HORATIO SEYMOUR, *Governor of the State of New York.*

I hereby appoint THURSDAY, the twenty-fourth inst., as a day of THANKSGIVING for the people of the State of New York. I recommend its suitable observance by such religious assemblages and forms of worship as our citizens may severally deem appropriate; so that we may, as a commonwealth, with united hearts, humbly and gratefully render thanks to our Father in Heaven, for His benefits, and earnestly implore the continuance of His favour.

[L. S.] In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the privy seal of the State, at the City of Albany, this 5th day of November, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three.

By the Governor, HORATIO SEYMOUR.
H. W. DE PUY, Private Secretary.

——THE DEER AND THE TURTLE.—The Cornwall (Canada) *Freeholder* relates the following incident as an absolute fact:

"As two hunters were hunting on the banks of the River Nation, near Crysler's Mills, their dogs pressed close on a deer, which took to the river, where the hunter pursued it in a canoe. On approaching the animal, they were surprised to perceive it struggling desperately, being every now and then jerked suddenly under water. The hunters immediately approached, and, with the aid of others at hand, dragged the deer into the canoe, when, to the astonishment of all present, a large turtle, weighing forty pounds, was found firmly fastened to the tail of the deer, which would have undoubtedly been shortly drowned by its amphibious assailant. The turtle retained its grip for upwards of two hours after the deer was killed. This extraordinary circumstance is attested to by several witnesses."

——The *Union* copies, with just satisfaction, a letter in the Rahway *Register*, which communicates the following intelligence from Washington:

"I know that the President is strictly abstemious—that upon Sundays his letters are not opened—that he is regular in the performance of his religious duties, and, so far as practical, in the observance of the day in conformity with the views of the Presbyterian persuasion. Indeed, I *have heard* it asserted that there was so much of the Puritanical order of a New England family prevailing, it operated as a restraint upon that freedom of interunion which should exist in the Presidential mansion of a republican country."

We believe the Editor of the *Register* was made a Custom House officer by Mr. Maxwell. We *haven't heard* of his being turned out yet, and hope he won't be. Such, we suspect, is the philosophy of the milk in that cocoanut.—*Tribune.*

——PILLORY AND WHIPPING.—The Dover (Del.) *Reporter* states that, on Saturday, the 29th ult., in accordance with the sentence of the Court, Daniel Morgan was, by the sheriff, placed in the pillory for one hour, at the expiration of which time twenty lashes were inflicted on his bare back, with a willow switch, the sheriff declaring positively that he would not use a cowhide on any white man. Whilst standing in the pillory, the blood became so stagnated in the prisoner's face and hands, as to render them almost black. After the sentence of the law had been completed, the prisoner was remanded to the County Prison, there to stay until he shall have paid the costs, $75 restitution money, and a fine of $100. Being a man with no means whatever, this fine and restitution money it will be impossible for him ever to raise; for, there being no facilities in the prison, he cannot, as he could in a Penitentiary, work it out. This infliction of whipping, and the barbarities of the pillory torture, are derogatory to the dignity of the State. Why cannot we have them abolished and a Penitentiary erected instead? The pillory and the whipping will, to-morrow, be inflicted on William Cornish. When the proper time arrives for the abolishment of this remnant of barbarism, we shall have something more to say on the subject.—*Wilmington (Del.) Repub.*

——MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—Almost everybody has listened with sadness to the plaintive strains and saddening words of the old song, "The Mistletoe Bough," in which the story is told of a young bride, who, in playful humour, on her wedding day, ran to hide from her spouse, and was found years afterward, moldered to ashes in a chest with a spring lock. It is a sorrowful, romantic tale, and has often brought tears to the eyes of romantic lovers. A sadder tale, however, and one which adds to its own horror by its reality, has been developed in this city. A few days since we called attention to an advertisement of the loss of a little Spanish girl, answering to the name of Ventura, whose agonized mother was searching throughout the city for her. After looking for her in vain for several days, and coming to the conclusion that the child was dead, she went to a large trunk in her house, on Thursday, for the purpose of procuring some mourning apparel, when, upon opening it, what was the mother's horror to see lying there the decaying remnant of her once beautiful little child. The trunk had been left open on the day the child was lost, and it is supposed that the inquisitive little one, having seen the dresses inside, had taken a fancy to them, and upon attempting to procure them, had fallen into the trunk. The lid closed with a spring, and the little child died with suffocation. The tales of romance fall far short in depicting the agony which the poor mother felt upon this sad discovery—and the whole story is one which tends to prove the oft repeated saying that "truth is stranger than fiction."

——MURDER IN SUSSEX—A SLAVE WHIPPED TO DEATH BY HIS MASTER.—The Norfolk *Intelligencer* gives the following account of a horrible act of cruelty in Sussex:

We received at a late hour last night the particulars of a revolting affair which has just transpired in the county of Sussex, on the same farm at which the bloody transaction published by us a few months since occurred. From all we have been enabled to ascertain, it appears that Mr. Henry Birdsong, whose little son was killed by his side, and himself dangerously wounded, a few months since, so cruelly whipped and beat one of his negroes, on Tuesday night last, that he died in a few hours. Mr. B., a gentleman informs us, had given orders to his negroes that they were to report themselves to him at his dwelling every night, at an early hour. On Tuesday night last they failed to do so, and upon one of his boys coming into the house to get his (Birdsong's) shoes to clean, he was called to account for his disobedience. Mr. B. being unusually rigorous and severe with his servants generally, the boy expected a whipping, and ran out of the house to escape it. Mr. B followed him closely, and calling a very ferocious dog (of the bull species), started the animal in pursuit of the fugitive also. The dog soon overtook and bit him very seriously, before he was taken off Mr. B then tied the boy, and whipped and beat him so that he died in a few hours. These facts coming to the knowledge of the Coroner, a jury was summoned, and an inquest held, which resulted in the finding of a verdict that deceased came to his death by sundry blows, &c., inflicted by his master, Henry Birdsong. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Birdsong, which was executed on Thursday. The accused was immediately conveyed to the county jail and secured. We understand that the negro was most cruelly whipped and beat, one of his eyes having been knocked entirely out with a stick.

——SHOCKING SCENE.—Thomas Board was hung in Barbour Co., Va., on the 29th ult. He was about 26 years of age. He grew up in ignorance, weakness and idleness; an object of pity to all who closely observed him.

By daybreak, the people began to assemble, and, notwithstanding it rained all day, not less than five or six thousand persons, among whom were not less than *five hundred women*, witnessed the execution. The prisoner ascended to the platform with great apparent alacrity, and was seated in a chair, and covered with a blanket to protect him from the rain, which fell incessantly. Rev. Henry Stevens, of the M. E Church, then addressed the immense throng for about twenty minutes. These services ended, commenced the most horrid and appalling tragedy that ever disgraced the annals of public executions. The prisoner stepped upon the trap, the rope was adjusted about his neck, and secured to the arm of the gallows; the sheriff then asked him if he was ready to die? he answered he was; he touched the trigger, the trap fell, and the prisoner dropped—to the ground, the rope breaking at the arm of the gallows. A shudder, a suppressed cry of horror ran through the vast multitude, which was not lessened by hearing the poor wretch on the ground cry out, "Oh Lord, Murder! Murder!"

The sheriff immediately loosed the rope about his neck, and then might have been heard the gurgling, strangling sound, made in the effort to regain his breath. He was carried to the scaffold, and seated in a chair, and while the sheriff was endeavouring to readjust the rope, the prisoner, with a convulsive effort with his feet, which were tied together, precipitated himself to the ground, with the intention of breaking his own neck, and thus ending his sufferings. For a while life seemed extinct, but the vital spark returned, and he was again carried up to the scaffold, and the rope being adjusted, the drop again fell, and the prisoner, in his white shroud, covered with mud and dirt, hung, and, as was apparent to all by his struggles, strangled to death.

——RAILROAD COLLISION.—The Cleveland *Democrat* gives an account of a fearful collision on the railroad between that city and Erie, Pa. It seems that a severe gale from the lake had torn up a hemlock two feet in diameter, and cast it angularly over the track. The tree struck the rails about 20 feet from its roots. The evening was dark and stormy. The train, composed of six cars, in which were 400 passengers, was going at the rate of 40 miles an hour, being behind time. The crash was awful. The tree, two feet in diameter, was broken in three places, and shivered as if struck with a thunderbolt. The locomotive was smashed to pieces and destroyed. It turned over and over three times. The boiler was broken, letting the steam and scalding water out, to add to the alarm and danger. The tender and two baggage cars were hurled upon the fragments of the locomotive, and smashed into one common wreck.

The first three passenger cars, filled with people, were dashed upon the ruins of the baggage cars and engine. They were broken and turned bottom side up. The last three cars of the train were not thrown from the track, nor very badly disabled.

The horror and confusion of the scene were indescribable. The shock hurled the passengers from their seats, and piled them up among the seats in terrible confusion. The collision occurred before the engineer had time to whistle down breaks, let off steam, reverse the motion, or even jump for his own life. He was pitched out head foremost into the ditch among the limbs. The fireman followed suit, and the baggage masters piled after them, all of whom received severe flesh bruises, but, strange to say, escaped instant death, and managed to crawl from under the ruins of broken cars and fragments of smashed baggage. But, more miraculous still, none of the passengers were killed, or even had broken bones. Many received slight injuries, and all were more or less shocked and scared.

The train made three or four rebounds and advances after striking the tree, before it came to halt, each of which added "confusion worse confounded" to the general crash, and panic among the passengers.

The screams, yells and shouts that filled the night air, after the accident, were horrible. The men behaved with less coolness and presence of mind, in many cases, than the women.

Immediately after the smash, the conductor and a breakman started for Springfield station to stop the express train going east, which would be due in a few minutes, and made no stop at that point. They barely succeed in reaching the station, and holding up a red light before the train came thundering along. Had it not been stopped, in a minute more another and a more terrible collision would have occurred.

——TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.—Harriot K. Hunt, M.D., of Boston, being called upon to pay her tax, addressed a Protest to the City Government, and to the citizens generally, of which we give the most essential part as follows:

"The present system of taxation is a serious wrong, a violation of justice, as well as a violation of republicanism. If of all the women in Massachusetts, who are citizens, only *ten* felt the wrong, those *ten* should be redressed; but when nearly two thousand petitioners presented themselves, through their *signatures*, to your Constitutional Convention, on this vital question, it was '*inexpedient*' for the Convention to take any action in relation thereto. What woman of thought can 'consent' to be governed (for that is the argument) under the present subversive party elements, that bring into office those who are to represent her.

"No reasonable or satisfactory answer has ever been given to woman on this subject, only that *man* represented her, through fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons. Your remonstrant has no such *representation*, and there are many in like situation. 'State, county, and city tax;' the former the expense of the Constitutional Convention, in which she had no voice (but petition), and how farcical that power of petition, when she can neither express *assent* nor *dissent* to its doings, but be unjustly taxed, and, like an idiot, lunatic, or infant, be *compelled* to meet it. Of the 'city tax' one word. The inequality and injustice of our Public School system, in having no High School for girls, while our boys have both a Latin and High School, was spoken of in her last protest, and our privileged right of petition tested, by the voice of at least 2700, for such High School. This petition was duly presented last spring, and whatever action may have taken place in the School Committee, the public are ignorant; no High School for girls has as yet been organized.

"With these views which might be now fully carried out, with the increase of her tax-bill, in consequence of *your* Constitutional Convention, which can result in no permanent good, since the great central element of *Justice*, was by the Committee on our petitions winked into '*expediency*;' and no minority report, nor any act of the Convention, vindicated or even recognised the right of woman, on the *real basis of representation, Humanity.*

"Thus dissatisfied with city expenditures, the inequality of public school education (*sexualizing education*), your remonstrant pays her taxes *compul

Miscellaneous Department.

DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH WEST PASSAGE.

THE following letter (says the London *Weekly Times*) from Commander M'Clure to his sister, Mrs. Thomas E. Wright, of Dublin, has been communicated to a Dublin paper by Dr. Wilde:

H.M.'s Ship Investigator, Bay of Mercy, Polar Sea, April 10, 1853.

Communication by post from this region of the globe is rather unprecedented, but nevertheless I hope it will arrive at its destination, and be the means of allaying for the present any apprehension for our safety. I sent a letter to you, with my dispatches, from Cape Bathurst, by the M'Kenzie river, in August, in 1850. A skin-clad chief of the tribe fishing at the Cape was the emissary, and I hope that he proved faithful to his trust. Since that period I may say we have been the inhabitants of a living tomb, for with the exception of a few natives we saw for about an hour upon Prince Albert's Land, in the summer of 1851, and from whom we obtained some interesting information, not a strange face have we seen. It is unnecessary to enter very largely into our proceedings during the most anxious, difficult, and most dangerous voyage, as most probably my dispatches to the Admiralty will be published, by which you will learn everything, and a most dry production you will find it; I shall therefore briefly mention that we succeeded in the discovery of the long sought-for-North-west Passage, which has baffled maritime Europe during the last 400 years, thereby adding another laurel to Old England's name and glory, and a memorable event to our dear little Queen's reign. We have circumnavigated a very large island, its northern extreme being the cliffs of Banks' Land, separated from the main land of America (I think it is, and not an island), which part I have called Prince Albert's Land, as we have connected it with Victoria and Wollaston land by the Prince of Wales' Strait, through which, on the 26th October, 1850, was the important discovery of the passage established, by the connecting of the waters of this strait with those of Barrow, which was accomplished by a travelling party with a sledge, consisting of six men, an officer, and myself, and bitter cold work it was at that advanced period of the year, particularly as the ice we had to sleep on was not sufficiently covered with snow to keep us at all dry, which, during the usual time of travelling in these regions in the spring, is always the case, of which we have had now ample experience, and it is then warm and comfortable under the tent. Our expedition was short, and that certainly was an advantage, only occupying ten days going over one hundred and eighty miles of ice. I nearly made a bad termination of the otherwise interesting trip. The last day, I left the sledge for the purpose of getting on board some time previous to the party, that a few comforts might be prepared on their arrival; we had about fifteen miles to go. Shortly after quitting them it came on a thick mist, but as it continued daylight, and I could see my compass, I got on pretty well! but at five o'clock darkness set in, and I very soon lost my way, got entangled amidst heavy ice, rough and uneven as a stone-mason's yard, having much snow, through which I was tumbling and floundering at the risk of breaking my legs, arms, or neck, so of necessity, I was obliged to stop, and being much exhausted, having had nothing since a scanty seven o'clock breakfast, I made myself a comfortable snow bed under the lee of a large piece of ice, burying my feet up to the knees to keep my toes from being frostbitten, soon fell into a doze, and about midnight was aroused by a bright meteor flashing across the heavens, so got up and found a fine starlight night with a brilliant aurora, and, starting in the direction of the ship, was in hopes of getting on board. However, having expended all my ammunition, I could not attract the attention of those in the vessel, and so, to make a long story short, I wandered about till daylight, when I had the extreme satisfaction of finding I had passed her about four miles. In proceeding to her I came upon several fresh footsteps of bears, but arrived safe at half-past eight, none the worse, although the thermometer was fifteen degrees below zero, having been twenty-five hours without anything to eat. For this and many other mercies which have been signally extended to us during this most perilous voyage our heartfelt thanksgivings and praises are due to that beneficent Providence whose protecting finger alone could have directed our path in a sea through whose ice-encumbered surface the power and ingenuity of man could not have advanced the ship one yard. Surely, one moment's reflection, when contemplating these mighty works of nature, brings conviction to the mind, that the same arm that sustained the first ark of Gopherwood as it floated over the waters of an engulphed world, has guided this our ark of British oak; and that its inmates will return in safety to enjoy the blessings of their native land, which will be another miracle of Divine mercy. I often say with Menoch's wife, "If God had intended to kill us He would not have shown us so many mercies."

In 1850, not being able to find a harbour, we wintered in the pack, a very dangerous thing, as we found in the Terror, but received no damage. In 1851, several travelling parties were dispatched in different directions, but no tidings whatever of poor Franklin: and learning upon the return of one which went towards Wollaston Land, that a party of natives had been seen, but from only being able to communicate by signs, no information was obtained, I started with the interpreter, who is a Moravian brother belonging to the Labrador mission, and being only seventy miles off, we soon found them, and a most intelligent and interesting tribe they were, but they were very much frightened at us; when at some distance they made signs for us not to approach, shouting frequently, "Oh! we are very much afraid." These people never quit this desolate land, and are the farthest north. They mentioned that along the coast there are many Esquimaux, and that those furthest south trade with the people which inhabit a large land opposite, of course the north shore of America. Now, is it not shameful that the Hudson's Bay Company know nothing of this people, and that their character should remain a dead letter, for their title to it mainly rests upon their exertions to civilize the heathen? but it appears very evident that, provided they obtain "peltries," little is thought of the rest. Surely such should not be tolerated? Intelligent missionaries from Greenland or Labrador of their own countrymen would very soon bring those kind and simple people—for those upon this land, being uncontaminated by intercourse with civilized man, are in their primitive condition—would soon lead them to embrace the truth of the Gospel, for which they are certainly half prepared. I hope our coming this way may be the means of compelling the Hudson's Bay Company to pay some attention to the necessity of Christianizing these simple people.

The ice broke up in July, but finding we could not get into Barrow's Strait, from strong N.E. winds setting fresh upon us, and I determined in August to try the passage through the Polar Sea and came into the above strait to the west of Melville Island, in which transit we had to contend with many dangers; but arrived here safe on the 24th September, by running upon Mud Bank during a thick snow storm, where we have ever since remained—not, however, on the top of the bank. On the west side of this island, about five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and a little inland, we discovered a range of hills composed of trees in all states—from a petrifaction to a chip that would burn, and a large bivalve, as large as an oyster, but of the description of a cockle, the most perfect fossil. I take this as a further proof, if any more are required, of the universal deluge; for surely such timber or such shell-fish do not belong to those regions, our largest timber at present being the dwarf willow, whose stem is about the size of a tobacco pipe, upon which the deer feed. These animals are in great abundance, having killed nearly 120. This providential supply of excellent fresh meat has kept us in perfect health, besides killing many hares and ptarmigan, with wild fowl, during the summer. In April, 1852, I went to Melville Island, about 150 miles, in hopes of meeting some ship from Captain Austin's expedition, and was sorely disappointed, as I had calculated upon it, or else finding stores. The only notice met with was a few lines upon a large block of sandstone at Winter Harbour by my friend M'Clintock, of 3 Gardiner's-place, Dublin. It is curious that two Irishmen, one coming round the world by the east, and the other by the west, should leave a notice upon the same stone.

The summer of 1852, being only a mollified continuance of winter, the ice has not broken up, so we remain firmly fixed. It is therefore necessary this year to send half the crew home—some by the whalers in Baffin's bay, and others by the M'Kenzie river, to meet the contingency of another years residence in this land of desolation, as otherwise our provisions would run out. I hope this measure, which I have adopted solely upon my own responsibility to endeavour saving the ship, as well perhaps as a little pardonable vanity in wishing to bring her as a trophy to England, will be approved by the Admiralty. If we do not get out this year it will be then our fate to quit her next April, when I shall go direct to Port Leopold, where there are good supplies, and a boat capable of carrying us to the whalers, or the Danish settlements, should a man-of-war not be sent for us. In the event of the latter, my friend M'Clintock will most probably be elected to command her, by whom you may send out a few lines.

The health of the crew has generally been most excellent, though this has been a trying winter to all, the thermometer falling to 65 deg. below zero, a temperature never before known, and very unlike our two preceeding years, when 50 deg. was the lowest. However, we have had only five cases of scurvy of any consequence, and now all are rapidly recovering, so that when the travellers leave, I expect only to have one case upon the sick list. Nor have we lost a single man either by disease or accident—a degree of health and exemption from accidents I should say unequalled by any society consisting of the same numbers in any part of the world. Why these blessings should be bestowed upon one so unworthy and so undeserving as the writer of this, often causes much reflection, and can only feel that "He will have mercy upon whom He will have mercy;" and moreover endeavour, feebly indeed, to put in practice the words of the wise king, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy path."

You can observe by the address of this that it was written before I had any idea of receiving any communication from England, or indeed if ever I should revisit my native land. Now a wonderful and overruling Providence has directed a party detached from the ship of our countryman, Captain Keller, to this bay (Mercy). The officer, Lieutenant Pim, appeared amongst us as an apparition; having advanced some distance before his sledge he came close to the ship unnoticed, being taken for one of our own people. When the mistake was discovered I cannot even faintly convey to you the sensation experienced by my crew—from despondency they were at once raised to the very height of exultation and delight. We now, God be praised, consider ourselves saved. The next day, April 7, I proceeded across the straits to visit our preserver, and the reception given me, I need not tell your warm heart, has amply compensated for our deprivations and miseries. I still continue on board the Resolute, and shall not return for another week to Mercy Bay.

* * *

Your ever affectionate brother,

ROBERT M'CLURE.

From The Liberty Bell, for 1849.

AFRICA.

BY MARIA LOWELL.

She sat where the level sands
Sent back the sky's fierce glare,
She folded her mighty hands,
And waited with calm despair,
While the red sun dropped down the streaming air.

Her throne was broad and low,
Builded of cinnamon;
Huge ivory, row on row,
Varying its columns dun,
Barred with the copper of the setting sun.

Up from the river came
The low and sullen roar
Of lions, with eyes of flame,
Who haunted its reedy shore,
And the neigh of the hippopotamus,
Trampling the watery floor.

Her great dusk face no light
From the sunset glow could take;
Dark as the primal night
Ere over the Earth God spake.
It seemed for her a dawn could never break.

She opened her massy lips
And sighed with a dreary sound,
As when by the sand's eclipse
Bewildered men are bound,
And like a train of mourners
The columned winds sweep round.

She said: "My torch at fount of day
I lit, now smouldering in decay;
Through futures vast I grope my way.

"I was sole queen the broad earth through;
My children round my knews upgrew,
And from my breast sucked Wisdom's dew.

"Day after day, to them I hymned;
Fresh Knowledge still my song o'erbrimmed,
Fresh Knowledge, which no time had dimmed.

"I sang of Numbers; soon they knew
The spell they wrought, and on the blue
Foretold the stars in order due;

"Of Music; and they fain would rear
Something to tell its influence clear;
Uprose my Memnon, with nice ear.

"To wait upon the morning air,
Until the sun rose from his lair
Swifter, at greet of lutings rare.

"I sang of Forces whose great bands
Could knit together feeble hands
To uprear Thought's supreme commands;

"Then, like broad tents, beside the Nile
They pitched the Pyramids' great pile:
Where light and shade divided smile;

"And on white walls, in stately show,
Did Painting with fair movement go,
Leading the long processions slow.

"All laws that wondrous Nature taught,
To serve my children's skill I brought,
And still for fresh devices sought.

"What need to tell? they lapsed away,
Their great light quenched in twilight grey,
Within their winding tombs they lay,

"And centuries went slowly by,
And looked into my sleepless eye,
Which only turned to see them die.

"The winds like mighty spirits came,
Alive and pure and strong as flame,
At last to lift me from my shame;

"For oft I heard them onward go,
Felt in the air their great wings row,
As down they dipped in journeying slow.

"Their course they steered above my head,
One strong voice to another said,
'Why sits she here so drear and dead?

"'Her kingdom stretches far away;
Beyond the utmost verge of day,
Her myriad children dance and play.'

"Then throbbed my mother's heart again,
Then knew my pulses finer pain,
Which wrought like fire within my brain.

"I sought my young barbarians where
A mellower light broods on the air,
And heavier blooms swing incense rare.

"Swart-skinned, crisp-haired, they did not shun
The burning arrows of the sun;
Erect as palms stood every one.

"I said,—These shall live out their day
In song and dance and endless play;
The children of the world are they.

"Nor need they delve with heavy spade;
Their bread, on emerald dishes laid,
Sets forth a banquet in each shade.

"Only the thoughtful bees shall store
Their honey for them evermore;
They shall not learn such toilsome lore:

"Their finest skill shall be to snare
The birds that flaunt along the air,
And deck them in their feathers rare.

"So centuries went on their way,
And brought fresh generations gay
On my savannahs green to play.

"There came a change. They took my free,
My careless ones, and the great sea
Blew back their endless sighs to me:

"With earthquake shudderings oft the mould
Would gape; I saw keen spears of gold
Thrusting red hearts down, not yet cold,

"But throbbing wildly; dreadful groans
Stole upward through Earth's ribbed stones,
And crept along through all my zones.

"I sought again my desert bare,
But still they followed on the air,
And still I hear them everywhere.

"So sit I dreary, desolate,
Till the slow-moving hand of Fate
Shall lift me from my sunken state."

Her great lips closed upon her moan,
Silently sat she on her throne,
Rigid and black as carved in stone.

Elmwood, Cambridge, Mass.

MUSICAL FEELING.—Auerbach, in his Black Forest Village Histories, says Reinhard, a painter, has married a peasant girl and taken her to the city, where one evening he takes "Lorle" and the assistant librarian, his friend, to a concert.

After a Beethoven symphony, the librarian said: "Now tell me honestly, would you not rather have heard a good waltz?"

Lorle replied, "To tell the truth, yes!"

The librarian, overjoyed, went to Reinhard and said: "You have a noble wife, and one of a thousand, for she has just had the courage to confess openly that she grew weary with Beethooven."

Reinhard bit his lips, but on getting home said gently to Lorle: "You must not be deceived by the librarian: he is all taken up with his books; you must never laugh at or venture an opinion upon what you do not fully understand. That is not the only music which sets the body in motion; there is also music by which we allow our souls to be elevated and depressed, to which we give full sway; raised above all earthly things—the soul free and alone. I cannot explain this to you; you will find it out yourself; but you must cherish a feeling of respect for things to which so many great men have devoted their lives. Only pay due attention, and you will in time understand these things."

Lorle promised to take heed.

At the last concert of the winter, the librarian, after some piece, asked her again what she thought, and her reply was:

"On everything, yet I don't know on what. When the flutes and trumpets and violins are talking so together, now calling to each other, and then all speaking together, it is indeed as if other beings than men conversed, and it is such a delight to think of all sorts of things, and that so peacefully; it is as if the thoughts had gone rambling in a musical world, here and there."

The librarian muttered to himself: "Oh, woe! she is also growing enlightened."—*Dwight's Journal.*

THE GIPSY SLAVES OF WALLACHIA.

ALL travellers who have journeyed from Zemlitza on the Danube to Bucharest, agree in painting the country they are obliged to traverse in the most sombre colours. Once out of sight of the lines of trees that border the Danube, you enter upon an interminable dismal plain, with a level horizon that surrounds you like a circle, of which you are ever the centre. There are no objects behind, to mark your progress by their gradual disappearance; there is nothing ahead, to encourage you on; no mountains of blue rising higher and higher, becoming substantial as you advance, breaking up their long line into peaks and valleys bristling with crags or clothed in forest. If you would know that you are in motion, you must look upon the ground beneath your feet and see the pebbles and plants pass slowly backwards as your waggon moves sleepily on, or whirl dimly by as the karoutchor pursues its mad career. In winter time, an additional dreariness is given to this desert by the absence of the sun, which is hidden from view by one vast cloud stretching from horizon to horizon, low down, so as almost to resemble a mist just risen from the earth. Here and there, a few slight elevations a foot or two high, indicate the presence of an underground village. At various distances, tall poles rise into the air, marking the positions of wells, around which the sky is speckled by flights of crows and vultures. Now and then you meet parties of peasants clothed in sheepskin, and wearing prodigious moustachios, wandering across the level. At night the only sound is the wind whistling through the low bushes, occasionally bringing to the ear the reports of a volley of musketry fired by some party of travellers who amuse themselves in this martial way.

It is not uncommon in crossing these sad plains to come upon groups of wild-looking individuals, black as Ethiopians, scantily covered by old rags, stepping jauntily out, waving their arms, nodding their heads, rattling fragments of songs, and clattering together as they go the blacksmith's tools which they bear upon their backs. Further on, perhaps, when night has fallen, an hour or two after these odd-looking people have gone ahead of your wagon (they take two strides for one of your oxen) the ground ahead will probably become spangled as with glow-worms; and presently a sort of whirlwind of strange sounds, half song, half shout will be borne by the night breeze, to mingle with the buzz of your own caravan, and the creaking of the wheels. You have come upon a village, an encampment, a burrow of gipsy troglodytes (dwellers in caves), who are either sitting around the remains of the fires they have lighted to cook their evening meal, or, with open doors or traps, by the light of a candle stuck in the ground, are engaged in smoking red clay or cherry-wood pipes, and drinking the harsh wine of the country.

These people are of the most humble and most unfortunate section of the Wallachian people, the Zigans, who of old formed a flourishing little state, paying tribute to the Greek empire, but who are now reduced to a condition of abject Slavery. Their history is most obscure, and it is not with certainty known whence they came or by what steps they descended to their present level. It seems certain, however, that they belong to the same family of wanderers who are known in Egypt as Gayaras, in Hungary as Zingari, in Germany as Zigeuner, in Spain as Gitanos, in France as Bohemians, and in England as Gipsies. Their own traditions derive them from Syria, whence they were transported in the eighth century, by one of the Greek emperors, to Thrace. On account of some peculiarities in their manners, perhaps of some strange forms of doctrine, they seem to have become detested and despised by neighbouring nations, and especially by the Mohammedans. When the Turks penetrated into their territory, instead of merely requiring tribute from them, they attacked them with fury, dispersed them, hunted them down like wild beasts, and condemned those to perpetual servitude whose lives they spared. In this persecution they were encouraged by the Christians: who shared, indeed, the greater part of the newly made serfs among themselves. It is estimated that at present there are more than twenty-three thousand Zigan families in Moldo-Wallachia, comprising about a hundred and fifty thousand souls. A certain number of these belong to the State, which employs them in mines and public works; whilst the others are divided among the monasteries and the Boyards. Some of these latter possess as many as five or six thousand, engaged in part in the most laborious works connected with their estates, in part let out upon hire. They sell or exchange them at certain fixed periods of the year, bringing them like cattle to market; until lately, they treated them with such severity that they not unfrequently drove them to suicide. Many Boyards of humane character now grant a semi-liberty to their Zigans, allowing them for so much a year to go about as they please, seeking for work, and retaining the produce of it. Once every spring, the half-enfranchised slave must make his appearance and pay his tribute. Sometimes, also, he brings an instalment of his own price, and thus manages by degrees to free himself. An industrious man may earn his liberty in ten years; but this unfortunate race has been so brutalized by long suffering, and is so addicted to every kind of debauchery, that very few succeed in rescuing themselves from bondage. Amongst the Boyards of the present day there are a good many whose copper complexion, white teeth, and general cast of countenance, evidently prove them to be descended from Zigans.

The physical constitution of this unhappy people is strongly marked. The men are generally of lofty stature, robust and sinewy. Their skin is black or copper-coloured; their hair thick and woolly; their lips are of negro heaviness, and their teeth as white as pearls; the nose is considerably flattened, and the whole countenance is illumined, as it were, by lively rolling eyes. All, without exception, wear beards. Their dress consists commonly of a piece of tattered cloth thrown carelessly around them: perhaps an old bed-curtain given by some master, or a blanket that has gone through every degree of fortune, until it has been rejected by the scullion.

As is the case in many savage tribes, the women are either extremely ugly or extremely handsome. Most of the Zigana are beautiful up to the age of twenty; but, after that time, they suddenly shrink and shrivel, change colour, bend, and lose the lightness of their step, as if an enchanter's wand had changed them from youth, admired and wooed, to dishonoured old age. The dress of these women is peculiar, consisting generally of nothing but a tight tunic or boddice made of sheepskin, and scarcely reaching to the knees. It leaves their legs, their arms, and their necks bare. Over their heads the most coquettish throw a white veil, and some few indulge in leather sandals. As ornaments they wear earrings of brass filigree, necklaces of paras strung upon a slender thong, and a variety of metal bracelets. The children go naked up to the age of ten or twelve, and whole swarms of girls and boys may sometimes be seen rolling about together in the dust or mud in summer, in the water or snow in winter—like so many black worms. As you pass by, a dozen heads of matted hair and a dozen pairs of sharp eyes are raised towards you, and you are greeted with a mocking shout, which alone tells you that the hideous things are your fellow-creatures.

In fine weather the Zigan is a very independent being. He sleeps in the open air, in the forests, in the fields, in the streets of the towns—anywhere, in fact, where he can find a place to lay his head. However, it is their custom, for the summer season, to erect little sheds of canvas, of straw, of branches or of mud; whilst in winter they scratch deep holes in the earth, which they roof with reeds and turf. Their furniture is surprisingly simple, consisting of an old kettle, a few two-pronged forks, and perhaps a pair of scissors, a poignard, and a gourd to hold brandy, or arakee—to the use of which this race is particularly addicted. When they have stowed these articles in their holes, or under a shed, they call the place their home, and go back to it every night. They squat upon heaps of filth, and begin smoking their pipes, while the women set before them the supper which has been cooked in the before-mentioned old kettle, swung upon three sticks over a fire of wood brought in by the children, mixed with a kind of peat. Sometimes a piece of turned meat, which all Christian cooks have rejected in the butchers' shops, or a portion of some animal that has come by an untimely death and has been distributed by a generous Boyard, is added to the porridge of beans or maize on which the Zigans generally support their strength. They use no plates or spoons, but dip their hardened fingers into the steaming kettle, and bring up a ball of porridge or a fragment of meat, which they cool by throwing from one palm to the other until they can venture to cast it down their throats. The women and children eat after the men, who, as soon as they have wiped their hands in their hair, take again to their pipes, and—if they can afford it—to drinking. They make themselves merry for an hour or two, until fatigue comes over them, and then go pell-mell to their huts, or stretch out by the embers of their fires. Nothing can be more abominably filthly than the habits of this degraded tribe. They are often obliged to abandon their villages on account of the dreadful state to which they have been brought by their carelessness. This abandonment costs them nothing in feeling or in money: they are essentially wanderers. When the air is too pestiferous to breathe, they shoulder their working utensils and their furniture, and remove a mile or two away. If it be summer, they set up their sheds again in a few hours; if it be winter, and the frost has not yet come on, they form subterranean dwellings in the course of half a night.

As we have said, a good many of the Zigans are employed in the rough labours of agriculture. The greater number, however, are artizans, and are celebreted for their ingenuity. Their favourite trade is that of the blacksmith, but they can turn their hands to anything; and the bazaars of Bucharest are filled with a vast variety of toys and fancy-work, which would do credit to our cleverest workmen. But the vagabond tendencies of the Zigan—perhaps, also, the contempt with which he is regarded—prevent him, except in the rare instances we have mentioned, from rising, by means of his industry, in the social scale. It is difficult to learn anything of his religious or other opinions. From his talk one would sometimes fancy him to be half Christian, half Mohammedan; at other times to be a fire-worshipper, an infidel, a believer in fetishes, or what you will. He is a man of many colours, like his language, which contains traces of an original character, but which is encrusted, as it were, with words borrowed (it might, perhaps, be more appropriate to say, stolen—for the Zigan, like his brethren we know of, has great pilfering propensities) from a dozen different dialects. The sound is not at all unmusical; and some of the songs which have been taken down are curiously characteristic. The following is the beginning of one of them:

"Through the pathway of the sky
Quail with sharpen'd beak doth fly,
Christos praising with sharp beak.
What, oh dun quail, dost thou seek?
To the grog-shop come with me,
And treat me to some arakee!"

It will be seen from these lines that the ideas of the Zigans on various points are somewhat confused, or, at any rate, it seems rather odd to interrupt a pious quail in its doxologies by an invitation to tipple. Perhaps, as is the case in many eastern songs, the words are arbitrarily thrown together for the sake of harmony—an observation that might apply sometimes to the verse-making in our civilized regions.

The Zigans are not only poets and singers, but they are musicians also, and their favourite instrument is the fiddle. They often ask permissions of their masters the Boyards to form what are called Witzoulin, or storms of music, consisting of ten or twelve members, who go about the country to the towns, and castles of the rich, and let themselves out at so much an hour. No ball is considered complete without one of the musical storms, who ask very little for their services, pretending that they are paid by their pleasure; but who, unless they be grievously wronged, generally contrive to leave a deficit behind them somewhere, either in the larder or the hen-roost. They often lead a few bears about with them; and when there are no balls toward, dance a strange dance among themselves for the amusement of the public. Forming into a circle, men and women, they begin by uttering frightful cries, and then, as the fiddle strikes up, whirl, jump, stoop, roll, crawl, crowd together, separate, throw their arms and legs into the air, wag their heads, shake their bracelets, and work themselves up into a kind of fury. The dance, in fact, is a kind of compendium of the bolero, the saltarella, and the fandango. Sometimes, a single performer goes through a ferocious jig, which may be called the jig of murder and suicide, for these two pleasant things are the basis of his representations. The acting is often so clever, that the unaccustomed spectators shriek, and rush away to save themselves. The ragged and breathless artist, fancying they want to escape payment, pursues them with his greasy cap held out, shouting for a piastre.

Little is really known of the relations of the Zigans among themselves. Marriage can only take place within the limits of the tribe, and generally within the limits of the property of one master, whose permission, also, is required before the ceremony can take place. There is no ceremony of betrothal, no intervention of match-makers or friends; the youth goes to the father of the girl he has chosen, and, after some attempts at politeness—as offering a pipe, or praising the size of the old gentleman's beard—comes straight to the point, and proposes himself as a son-in-law. Few questions are asked, few conditions made. Unless there be some important objection, the young lover receives permission to call his comrades together, and build a hut during the course of the night to receive his bride. The very next day he requests his mother to prepare a full pot of porridge, and then repairs to the dwelling—a hole six feet square, or perhaps a tent of branches—where the maiden of his choice, dressed in her sheepskin tunic, with a veil borrowed from a neighbour, is modestly crouching in a corner. He takes her by the hand and leads her to where his family is collected. The oldest man of the tribe is there by appointment, encouraged by a fee of a few handfuls of porridge, and hastily mutters a few words by way of blessing. This is the whole ceremony, if, indeed, the great feed that follows be not more worthy of that name; and thus the Zigans continue from generation to generation. We are sorry to be obliged to add that both women and men are, as a rule, exceedingly debauched.—*Household Worlds.*

SCHILLER'S SON.

WHILE in Europe, I was frequently thrown into the society of one of the sons of the great German poet. I admit that I shared, in common with others—and no doubt your readers share with me—the curiosity to learn what kind of a being Schiller's son is. He is a kind-hearted, rather oldish gentleman, with a square, open, florid, real German face. The likeness between him and his father cannot be detected, on the closest scrutiny, either mentally or physically. He is obviously no poet, nor does he seem to lay any great stress on intellectual enjoyments. He loves a good dinner, and enjoys heartily a good glass of wine or beer. He plays cards with an evident gusto, but he never plays high. To his family he is a good husband and a kind father. As a citizen he is exemplary, and addicted to no vice. He lives on a pension granted him by the government of Wurtemberg, and leads a quiet, unostentatious life. Were he not Schiller's son, few would observe him, and still fewer would have any fault to find with him. But, being Schiller's son, comparisons that must disparage the son are made in half-audible whispers, whenever he appears. The only fault, however, I ever heard of being found against him was, "that he was so unlike his father." They blame him for his broad, hearty-looking, honest countenance—they blame him for not being a poet, and for preferring physical enjoyments to the high soarings of intellect. This is indeed very hard. The gentleman surely bears his honours meekly. He don't intrude upon the public, except on the pension list. Why blame him for having a great father, or rather why blame him that so uncommon a father had so common a son. I could hardly blame an old gentleman, who had listened for some time to some rather rude remarks about Schiller's unlikeness to his father, when he quite innocently exclaimed, "Thank God that my father was not a great man!" and, looking at his son, who stood near, "And you, too, may thank your stars that you will never be troubled that way either." It may be Scriptural to visit the sin of parents on succeeding generations, but surely it is unkind to make a son suffer for a father's greatness, which somehow or other never descended to the son.—*Cor. of Evening Post.*

A FEMALE ROBINSON CRUSOE

IN a recent number of the San Francisco *Times* and *Transcript* we found the following letter, descriptive of a female Robinson Crusoe, who lived alone on a desert island for eighteen years. In another part of the same paper the editor acknowledges the receipt of the bird skins, fibres of whale sinews, &c., mentioned in the latter part of the letter:

SANTA BARBARA, Sept. 15, 1853.

Messrs. Editors—It has been said that "there is nothing new under the sun," and that every occurrence which we daily experience, or have any knowledge of, has a prototype at some anterior period of the world's history. This is doubtless the case as far as regards the general routine of events which have transpired from the development of the human passions, but in the instance I now beg to bring under your notice, I am not aware than anything similar has ever occurred in the history of the human race. The story of Robinson Crusoe may probably have had one or two facts, on the basis of which, Defoe raised his romantic and beautiful superstructure, alike captivating to our youth and to our age, but it is generally believed that the heroes of his tale are more the creatures of his own imagination than reality.

Several leagues off Santa Barbara, in the Pacific, there is a cluster of small islands, which were at one time inhabited by Indians, and from the traditions which exist among the native population at the South, as well as from facts known to several Americans who have been for a long time resident there, it appears that they contained a large population. The Indians on these islands were in the habit of making frequent excursions to the main land, touching at Santa Barbara and San Pedro, for the purpose of trading with the Indians who were then living in the southern part of the State; and the barter was carried on by means of shells, which was the principal medium of exchange between them. At the time the Missions of Alta California were established, towards the close of the last century, this intercourse was carried on to a great extent, and at a certain period of the year there was a sort of Indian Fair held at some point of the southern coast, whither the Indians of the islands and the continent repaired in great numbers. Whether at the solicitation of the good Franciscan Fathers, or from choice, the Indians on the islands gradually settled down among the Mission Indians, at Santa Inez, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Gabriel and San Diego.

One of these islands, called San Nicholas, situated about sixty miles from Santa Barbara, was inhabited by a tribe of Indians who could never be induced from a desire of change, from the hope of greater comfort, or from a wish to embrace Christianity, to leave it. About the year 1824 or 1825, this island was visited by a Russian ship, and some dispute having arisen between the sailors and the Indians about the women, the Russians killed all the men except two, and carried off the women. About ten years afterwards, Mr. Williams (who now owns the ranch called "Del Chino" in Los Angelos), with other Americans, had been in the habit of visiting the island, while hunting otters which abound in those waters.

At one of these visits he brought away with him on his departure a young Indian squaw. At this time there were about seventeen Indians living on the island. Shortly afterwards Mr. Williams prevailed upon Mr. Hubbard, who was captain of a small schooner owned conjointly by Mr. Isaac Sparks (now of Santa Barbara) and Mr. Gomez, of Monterey, to bring over all the Indians that remained. This was easily accomplished, as the Indians were desirous to remove.

After they had all got on board the schooner, one of the Indian women discovered that her child was missing, and asked permission to go on shore to look for it. This was at once granted. She remained a long time in the search, and at length made her appearance crying most bitterly. She said that she could not find her child, and expressed her apprehension that it had been eaten by wild dogs which it seems infest the island. She remained on the beach lamenting the loss of her child; and whether through fatigue or excess of grief, she laid down and fell asleep.

In the meantime, it commenced to blow a gale of wind, and the schooner put away, leaving her alone on this desert island. What the feelings of this poor child of nature were when she opened her eyes, and took a survey of her situation, are only known to herself and to the divine Providence, who still watches over her.

About three months afterwards, it is said, the schooner again touched at the islands to bring her away, but she could not be found. Since that time her foot prints have been occasionally seen on the shore, and other indications met with, showing that she still existed.

At the beginning of the present month, an American, by the name of George Niedever, who is now and has long been a resident of Santa Barbara; was engaged in otter hunting off the coast, and touched at San Nicholas. While travelling along the beach, to his great astonishment, he suddenly came upon this woman. She was engaged cleaning or curing bird skins, which she sewed together to serve as a covering, and in a garment made of which she was then dressed. She did not manifest must surprise at seeing Mr. Niedever, but readily assented to his proposition to leave the island and accompany him to the schooner. She immediately set about making preparations for her departure, and having packed up several bundles of bird skins and other "fixings," which she had found serviceable in San Nicholas, she bade adieu forever to the land where for so long a time she might have soliloquized, with poetic truth:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

She is now living with the family of Mr. George Niedever, in Santa Barbara, where she has all her wants administered to. She is about sixty years old, and is as simple as a child, and quite free from deception and guile. One of the reverend clergymen of the Mission of Santa Barbara accompanied by the writer, went to see her as soon as he heard of her arrival. He brought with him one of the Mission Indians who could speak the languages of one or two tribes of the California Indians. She was greatly delighted to see the Indian, but neither of them could understand a word of what the other said. She has a distinct articulation for almost every object she saw, but no one understands her unless when she signs and gestures. She is very contented, and takes great delight in showing to her visitors as well as she can, how she dug the roots, caught the fish, manufactured her garments, and provided generally for her sustenance.

She signifies that she is much better pleased with her present mode of life than she led on the island.

She takes great delight in looking at horses and cows, having probably never seen such large animals before. On one occasion she caught hold of a horse by the tail, and had it not been that Mrs. Niedever called her away, she might probably have suffered severely for her ignorance.

Among the articles she brought along with her from the island were several needles, with which she sewed the bird skins together. These needles are beautifully made of fish bones, and show a superior degree of ingenuity. The thread which she used was a thin fibre of the sinews of a whale. She had also several fishing hooks made of old nails, that she probably found in some boards picked up on the shore. These nails were all bent and sharpened, and attached to a line made of fibres of whale sinews, beautifully twisted together. She had also among her moveables a soft clayey substance like brick, but whether she used this for dressing the bird skins, or for simply giving a red colour to her garments, no one could well make out. She had a knife also, about an inch long, which seems to have been a piece of an iron hoop, and is set in a wooden handle. She brought with her some seal meat, but how she could eat this seems incomprehensible. Ten or twenty yards is about as near as the olfactory nerves would permit any of our party to go to it. She had a quantity of roots, which are generally known here by the Indian name of *cacometes;* in taste, they are like the kernel of an unripe nut.

She is a strange specimen of the race, and could she give expression to her thoughts and feelings she would be able to add a new chapter to the book of humanity. For eighteen years this poor creature lived alone on a desert island, with no one to share her hopes or her fears, her joys or her sorrows, but the Great Being who gave her life, and who has wonderfully preserved it under such extraordinary circumstance.

The learned and pious Father Gonzales regards it as a wonderful instance of the Providence of God, who, in his inscrutable way, has doubtless preserved her up to this time, as were some of her race, in the truths of Christianity.

The people of Santa Barbara have had their interest greatly excited by the arrival at their town of this distinguished stranger, and many of them have gone to see her. If anything further can be found out respecting her history I shall not fail to make you acquainted with it.

I send you some of the roots which she used for food, also some of the fibres of the whale sinews, and two of the birds' skins out of which she made her garments (and which, by the way, she wore with the feathery side inwards), that you may show to any of your friends who may have the curiosity to look at them.

And, in conclusion, I wish you would just say to the gentlemen of the Barnum family, that they may sleep contented; no money they could raise could induce George Neidever to let them have this poor Indian woman.

GOLIAH.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE Greek church keeps a *fete* of the girdle of the "Mother of God" on the 31st of August. The Virgin let it fall when being borne by angels to heaven, and St. Thomas picked it up!

——The Vienna *Wanderer* states that negotiations have been opened with the celebrated Abd-el-Kader, for appointing him to the command of a Turkish army corps in Asia; and that he has referred the Turkish negotiators to Louis Napoleon.

——Sheridan Knowles, who has been lecturing to deeply intercsted audiences in Edinburgh on the dogmas and doctrines of Popery, occupied the pulpit of the Tabernacle, Greenside-place, recently, in the new character of a preacher of the Gospel.

—— It is shown by a late return, obtained by Mr. W. Williams, M.P., that in the year ended the 5th of January last, the bounty on slaves, payment to commissioners to prevent traffic in slaves, and bills drawn on account of captured negroes amounted to 90,784*l.*, which was paid out of the public revenue.

——A LOGICAL DILEMMA.—The *Mayo Telegraph*, a Roman Catholic journal, says: "The first law of nature is marriage, and yet man is the only creature that resists it. Who ever saw an old bachelor robin, or a female bird with strong thoughts of dying an old maid? No one. Every created thing becomes a parent, and this is just what it was intended they should become." Upon this the ultra Protestant *Carlow Sentinel* writes: "After this we should like to know upon what grounds our learned and pious contemporary can defend the law of clerical celibacy or monastic institutions."

——We commend the case [says the (London) *Weekly Times*, in an article on strikes which are very prevalent in England, just now] to the consideration of the Peace Society. Let them try their hand in reconciling those intestine wars which are tearing out the very vitals of our industry. Let them apply the doctrine of arbitration to the disputes between masters and men, and when they have persuaded individuals and associations of individuals to calm their heated passions, to lay aside those means of mutual annoyance which anger suggest, and submit the rights of their quarrel to the decision of an impartial tribunal, they may with the better heart proceed in their career as the reconcilers of irritated nations and the mediators between contending monarchs.

——MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.—A letter has been received in Leeds from this distinguished lady (says the Leeds *Mercury*), dated "*My Cabin*, Andover, Sept. 20," communicating to her friends here the agreeable tidings that she has reached her own home in safety, after a very stormy passage, and has found all "comparatively well." Her daughter's health is "much improved, though there is still so much need of a mother's watch and care, that she is satisfied she took the best course in returning." Mrs. Stowe says: "While all is warm and bland and kind in the circle of my friends, I cannot but feel that I have returned to the atmosphere of conflict. But one opinion, however, has been expressed to me by *the friends of the cause*, and that is, that the recent movements in England have been a decided *help* to us here. To be sure, 'the heathen rage, and the people imagine